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PASTELS FROM SPAIN.

BY MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS.

II.

ZAMORA.

To be 'the day after the fair' may be a bad thing, but, believe me, to arrive the evening before it—in Zamora—is a great deal worse. The queer little omnibus which meets the train is calculated to hold six persons; on that evening it held eleven. Three of them were squalid children, who, taking advantage of our helplessly compressed condition, crawled round and examined us at leisure with horribly dirty little fingers and thumbs. At length, after passing through streets so narrow, so carven and grey we seemed to be driving between the footlights and a carpenter's scene at the Lyceum, the omnibus emptied itself before the Fonda. One glance at the only room they had to offer us—and we were out in the street again. At this desperate juncture a youth of a pleasant countenance accosted us with the information that he could take us to a private house, 'much better than the Fonda,' where we might lodge. We thought he lied, but followed him: and presently found ourselves temporary owners of a very agreeable salon, with two clean alcove bedrooms leading out of it. In short, we had found excellent quarters in the house of the leading grocer of the ancient but prosperous little city of Zamora. The lodging-house keeper in Spain prefers to remain 'half hidden from the eye' of his public, in order to be wholly hidden from that of the Government, which levies such a preposterous tax on paying guests that it would entirely absorb the profits of those who take

only a few : if they ever paid it. There was once an Englishman who stayed at the grocer's for eighteen months 'on business.' He left an excellent reputation. He was young, pleasant, *un guapo*—that is, a handsome fellow—and learnt to speak Spanish 'like us.' Yet I suspect that Englishman. What 'business' could he possibly have had in Zamora? The railway was made by Frenchmen. Either in consequence of this, or because French visitors sometimes come for the religious ceremonies of Holy Week, all foreigners here are labelled French. This relieves us of a load of responsibility. Whatever the defects of our persons, manners, or costume, they no longer disgrace the name of Briton, but merely throw discredit on another and an unfriendly nation.

Few tourists visit Zamora. It is a walled town, but these are comparatively many in Spain. Avila, stately and dark, girt with her serried towers, sits throned on granite heights, not to be overlooked by the traveller towards Madrid. Beyond Toledo beckons him, wonderful, royal, a queen of old romance. Now Zamora lies off the main road and across the great table-land, bordered with flat-topped, red-brown hills, where is neither hedge nor tree, but in winter only the red-brown earth and in summer only the infinite waving of wheat. The railway indeed skirts along the Duero, which is thinly bordered with trees; here and there poplars, lopped elms, oftener stunted ilexes, growing out of sand so bare and white that on first seeing it in the moonlight we took it for the waters of the river. The city stands on a low eminence above the Duero, where at its further edge the plain once more breaks into low reddish uplands. From the great square Romanesque tower of the cathedral you look eastward along the swift-running river, and discern a few dim towers among far-off poplar-spires. This is Toro—in a manner the sister city of Zamora, for Fernando I. gave them to his two daughters. Of Toro and its lady we hear little, but it is otherwise with Zamora and the fair and wise Urraca. The solid ramparts of her city even yet look proudly over river and plain. The old rhyme says: 'Zamora has for name—Zamora the well-walled—On one side the Duero girds it—On the other the steep rock.' It was no wonder that King Sancho grudged it to his sister. 'If this were mine,' he said, looking on its battlements, 'I should indeed be lord of Spain.' So he assembled a great army at Sahagun and marched against his sister. And the Cid, that half legendary, half historic,

and wholly sanguinary hero of Spain, accompanied him. Now King Fernando had advised his daughters to live unmarried, and the Lady Urraca, without taking the vows, had put on a nun-like habit. Yet of all men she loved and would alone have married the Cid. For with him she had been brought up in the house of the good knight Arias Gonzalo. It was perhaps for this reason that King Sancho sent the Cid as ambassador to his sister, bidding her surrender Zamora and take in exchange a sum of money and certain lands. So the Cid with fifteen of his knights, rode up to these embattled walls, under the heavy arch of yonder gateway and to the carven portal of Urraca's palace, where, in somewhat obscure allusion to him, the stone yet bears the inscription: 'Out with thee, Roderigo, the proud Castilian!' The lady received him with great honour, asking against what infidels her brother went armed, and whether he required of her assistance. But when the King's message was delivered to her by lips from which she had been wont to hear words of love, she wept bitterly and called upon the earth to open and swallow her, invoking on her brother's head the curse of the dead King on whoever of his children should attempt to despoil the others. And all the people of Zamora assembled in the church of San Salvador, and swore to defend the city and the Lady Urraca to the death. So the Cid returned to King Sancho, who finding he had not succeeded in his embassy, suspected him of treachery, and, after threatening to hang him, banished him from the realm. They fought around Zamora till blood streamed from the ramparts; and at last by famine, not by the sword, it was almost subdued. Then a certain treacherous knight, Bellido Dolfos, went over to the King's camp with intent to slay him. Urraca and Arias Gonzalo sent warnings to Sancho against Bellido, and a herald made proclamation from the city walls of his previous crimes, which were many. But the curse of his father fell upon King Sancho. He was treacherously killed by Bellido Dolfos outside the walls of Zamora, and a cross marks the spot unto this day. It were long to tell of the ordeal by combat to which the good knight Diego Ordoñez challenged Zamora. He challenged its inhabitants, the living, the dead, and the unborn, the stones of its walls, even its meat and drink. And one after another he slew the gallant sons of Arias Gonzalo.

In days much nearer to our own, when its fortifications were no longer formidable, the citizens of Zamora showed themselves to be still of good metal. Without any regular soldiers, and with

only two small guns, they defended themselves for several days against the French in the year 1809. For yonder wide plain north and east, where the green blades begin sparsely to veil the red earth, has been ploughed deep by the hoofs of invading squadrons. At Toro was for a while the headquarters of Sir John Moore. The Duero, pushing westward between the low hills and the flat fields, presently reaches the place where the Iron Duke was slung across it in a basket. But these are distant views, and just beneath us, as we sit on the tiled roof of the belfry, is a nearer and a prettier. The fretting waters of the weir sparkle in the sun, and across them runs the long line of the grey bridge, with its single slender tower. There were once four of these, the inhabitants tell me. When or why they were reduced to one I cannot ascertain, but hope it was when the late Renaissance gateway was built at the town end of the bridge. At any rate, I will not attribute to our century an architectural crime of which it is perhaps guiltless, when it has in all countries, except Spain, a longer list of indubitable outrages to its score than any preceding age.

How charming, too, is this view of the cathedral from above! The dome and spire shaking themselves free as it were from the incongruous weight of the Palladian west front. The dome is beautiful and unusual. It has sixteen round windows, four turrets, four gables, and arcading; yet it is not overloaded. The little tower does not look its best from below. Up here you see the quaint grace of its pointed and painted summit, and sharp, scaly-looking roof, more German than Spanish in character. Street does not mention the date of the west front. In England it would be less than two hundred years old, in Spain it may be three; so rapidly here did Renaissance architecture become dry and stiff. When one sees these Palladian additions made to Gothic or Romanesque cathedrals, one is not ill-content with the apathy of the Anglican Church during the eighteenth century. If the prelate of that date was apt to spend too much money on the enlargement of his own waist-measure, we may at any rate be thankful he did not spend it on the enlargement of his cathedral in the neo-classical manner. The manner is far from being without merit, but in combination with the fanciful forms, the blossoming ornament of earlier ages, it is as incongruous as would be Madame de Maintenon or Queen Caroline hand in hand with a ring of Brother Angelico's dancing angels.

Beneath us are the towers of I know not how many churches,

rising from a press of mellow, pantiled roofs. Out yonder a part of the Fair seethes black round the pink walls of the large new Bull Ring. This is not the season for bull-fights, but coloured prints of them adorn parlours and tap-rooms. The newspapers too give accounts of the last *Corrida* in South America, including the exciting death of a well-known *torero*, just as in England they give accounts of the last cricket match in Australia and Ranjit Singh's sore throat.

But the March wind blows chill, and a slope of tiles is a seat 'whereof cometh satiety.' So we drop down into the obscurity of the steep and broken stair, and pass again the big bells of green bronze, waiting open-mouthed at their windows. One of them is but five-and-twenty years old, but the others have for hundreds of years rolled their great voices hence, out over the low red roofs beneath, where live and die the ephemeral generations of men. Our pleasant guide and his family inhabit the bell-tower, and considering it as his house he hospitably begs we will often return. He is surprised when we offer him money, and will scarcely accept it even for the children. Note this, ye pitiable travellers in Switzerland and other well-appointed tourist-runs! It is with such courtesy and simplicity that we meet everywhere in Zamora. The town is as unspoiled as its inhabitants. The streets are narrow and winding, yet not squalid. They are full of dark, imposing archways, surmounted in the Spanish fashion by great carven blazonries with supporters—maybe heraldic beasts, maybe a couple of swaggering men-at-arms. Beyond, unless tantalising big doors close the view, you catch a glimpse of a white well in a cloistered *patio*. The fine churches have sometimes been roughly patched and mended, but they are free from the irremediable disfigurements of complacent Restoration, and have around them nothing inharmonious. It is this harmony of things which makes a Spanish city so delightful, so satisfying to the wanderer from other European countries, where the beauty of the most perfect building is wont to be half destroyed by the insolent vulgarity of the street or square in which it is still permitted to stand. Nor did I find the shops of Zamora worse supplied than those of many an English provincial town, all red brick and 'Colman's Mustard.'

It is written on the cathedral door that the Pope has this year granted special forgiveness of their sins to the pious inhabitants of Zamora. Were I Pope I would do this and more also.

III.

BENEVENTE AND ASTORGA.

THE railroad from Zamora to Benevente runs through scenery only a trifle less 'dreary' than the main line between Avila and Valladolid. In the abstract, as landscape, certainly this Spanish tableland touches zero. But let it not be blamed. Just because it is hardly more than a flat tone of reddish brown, melting here and there into the grey green of sandy grass and ilex-scrub—just for that reason it gives the utmost possible picturesque value to the buildings rising from it, the life passing across it; to the big brown church, standing high over the walled village; to the string of laden mules, with a brown muleteer trudging behind or bright-kerchiefed women swaying on their backs, and the painted waggon with its sand-coloured tilt; to the black-robed company of priests and the *caballero* on horseback, jogging homewards with his huge metal stirrups gleaming in the sun and his ample cloak flung across his mouth, like a villain in a melodrama. Note that these shoe-shaped stirrups have a practical advantage: they enable you to go to sleep while out riding.

Yes, the real charm of Spain is the picturesqueness of its life. Even commerce here is picturesque. Would that my greengrocer at home kept shop under a deep archway festooned with hanging clusters of crimson pimientos and pale young onions! A graceful water-jar beside him, of a chestnut colour, and maybe not far off him another jar suggestive of old Majolica. Or that she stood among the kerchiefed market-women, behind that immensely long narrow board in the *plaza*, which is as it were a repeating scale of colour, a scale of softest browns and greys—I know not what nuts and curious dried fruits and herbs—periodically broken into, dominated by the vivid tones of orange and lemon. You smile superior. A cauliflower off an ordinary shop counter must, of course, eat better than one out of so miserably picturesque a place! Not at all: Spanish vegetables are excellent. The *garbanzo*, or chick-pea, is one we should blush to be without.

But I have wandered far from the course of the railroad to Benevente. No matter. There is nothing of interest to be seen till the line crosses the river Esla; and everyone would not be

interested in seeing that sluggish stream creeping through the flat red fallows and the earliest green blades. But over there, visible from the railway, is a bridge. And thereabouts it was that Napoleon's Guard had its first brush with those dogged British soldiers whom they had been taught to believe were bad troops. Imagine the Chasseurs of the Guard, splendid in green dolmans and scarlet pelisses, their officers glittering with gold, riding impatiently up and down the sloshy bank of the river, unable for a while to get at the enemy on the other side, because the bridge is blown up. Meantime over the flat between the river and the town straggle and struggle away baggage waggons and camp followers, with a temptingly weak body of cavalry among them. At length a ford is found. The Chasseurs are over, swords flashing, *moustaches au vent*. They slash and hew among camp followers and troopers alike, driving all before them, and so come rushing pell-mell towards these brown walls, exhilarated by easy victory. But the wily Paget is waiting for our imprudent Chasseurs, and quietly, from behind a harmless-looking block of houses, he lets slip his 10th Hussars, all fresh and eager for the charge. The Chasseurs are surprised, outnumbered. It is their turn now to be thrust back in headlong gallop across the flat fields to the river, falling, flying in bloody confusion, pursued even into the oozy bed of the Esla; finally leaving their general in the enemy's hands. When Napoleon heard of it at Valderas he could not conceal his rage; for they were the Chasseurs of his Guard. Close above the railway stands the little castle, with its shattered Mauresque carving. Marbot saw there a fine collection of armour, and it must be the castle alluded to by a certain Private of the 71st, who describes the British soldiery tearing down the rich hangings to wrap themselves in at night. Afterwards Soult occupied, and after his manner, wantonly wrecked it; and there are the ruins to this day.

About Benevente the character of the country alters slightly. The line draws nearer the mountains of La Peña Negra, overgrown with dark scrub, and many muddy streams flow from them. The road follows much the same course—the road along which Sir John Moore dragged his starving, angry soldiers, who asked for nothing better than to stand and fight the great army with which Napoleon was hurrying in pursuit. These innumerable rivulets were of the greatest service to Moore in delaying the

advance of the French. Very comic is the moral indignation Marbot expresses at his conduct in breaking down the bridges; but tragic the despair of the French soldiers, even veterans of the Guard, who having dragged themselves through the snows of the Guadarrama and the deep slush of the plain, in more than one instance preferred putting a bullet through their own brains to continuing the dreadful march.

It was at Astorga that Napoleon himself turned back, chafed at having missed his blow and anxious at the uneasy stirrings of the nations under him. The town can have changed but little since then. The walls are much less imposing than those of Zamora. They are interesting to archæologists because of their Roman origin and the inscriptions on some of their stones. The cathedral, though its great size gives it a certain majesty, is late and poor in style. There is not much architectural style about a certain house which down a narrow street looks towards the cathedral towers. Yet in English eyes it should be interesting, since it sheltered during some memorable days Sir John Moore—a man believed by the officers who served under him to have been more than capable of filling the illustrious boots of that dull British divinity, the Iron Duke. But to him fate permitted much less: he remains the hero of a single fight, immortalised by the poet of a single song.

It is not pleasant to picture Astorga in those last days of 1808. It was the meeting place of two stormy floods: the so-called army of Romana, the Spanish General—a mere mob of undisciplined peasants—and the wrathful British army, fast losing all sense of discipline. To the British soldiers it not unnaturally appeared that the Spanish peasants and Alcaldes were traitors in obstinately denying their allies food and wine, for which payment was duly proffered. They hanged five Alcaldes, says Romana, in his complaint of them. Poor soldiers! Poor Alcaldes! Executed, no doubt, after a conscientious imitation of all the forms of British justice, which to them afforded no consolation. Otherwise the only peaceful blood the soldiers appear to have shed was that of cocks and hens, whom with frequent crow and cackle—disconcerting to their harassed officers—they wooed to answer from most hidden lairs. Of drunkenness and pillage these narrow streets of Astorga saw enough and to spare. The drunkenness was pure British, but in pillage Romana's own soldiers were not behind; and immediately after these came the

French. It may be that the town has never recovered the ruin of those unhappy days: certainly it wears a sad, unprosperous air, even to the market-place in front of its town hall. This seventeenth century town hall is quaint and pretty. It has a bell on which the hours are struck by two life-size figures of Maragatos, a man and woman, almost alike, in their blue costume and hats. This is the capital of the Maragatos, a race of unknown origin, like the gypsies. Here twice a year they hold a solemn dance from two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and, like the fairies, desist if one of another race attempts to join them in it. Astorga has also this distinction: it is a Grandee of Spain. The sons of a Grandee should be gentlemen, and such were the three little men who followed us about that prim garden on the ramparts of which the citizens are so proud. 'M'soo, m'soo,' they murmured timidly—for here, as at Zamora, all foreigners are Frenchmen. At length we realised that we were 'M'soo,' and answered to our name. They were boys from the Colegio, and they were learning French. One of them was a very great scholar indeed, and the others were exceedingly proud of him, and wished us to inspect his exercise-books. And so we did, and well could he write the French of Astorga, if 'French of Paris was to him unknowe.' The three clean little men in their blue cloaks and round caps, like large, flat, blue penny buns, were so charmingly serious that we afterwards felt some remorse at not having held longer converse with them. But soon we left them, after our hurrying British fashion, to take a country walk.

If the town of Astorga is much less interesting than that of Zamora, the country behind it is much finer. For it lies at no great distance from the snow-capped mountains of Leon. Just below the massive arch of the gateway runs the straight high road. Here on one gloomy January day, the Guard was marshalled, and Napoleon putting himself at their head, they turned their backs on Astorga and the mountains; thankful all of them, no doubt, to be abandoning that weary pursuit. And already, it may be, some of the Old Moustaches were talking as they went of another campaign in Germany; a pleasant country, very different from this lean land of starvation, where, if you chanced to lag on the march or stray a-foraging, the lean brown peasantry caught you and put you to some hideous death.

But we are marching towards the mountains. We say 'Good day' to two stone-breakers by the road-side, and to our surprise

receive for answer a sullen stare, instead of the usual '*Vaya con Dios.*' These must surely be Maragatos, although they are said to despise such labour, for they wear curious full blue knickerbockers, like the wooden man on the town hall. There are red sashes round their waists and the jackets they have thrown off are of bright colours.

At first the road runs down straight between tall poplars, but presently begins to rise. On either side are the usual low red hills, redder than ever against the over-peering blue of the distance. Still it rises, rises, the ground growing poorer and wilder at every step. At length it runs under a stony slope, bare except for some low-growing, grey, aromatic shrub, and topped by a grey ruin of crags. A flock of sheep, some white, some a deep russet brown, wanders below, cropping scant tufts of herbage and watched by a motionless shepherd, wrapped in his brown mantle and leaning on his staff. Before us conical hills, dark with a shrubby growth, begin to close about the road, and beyond the mountains of Leon sweep round the horizon; a semicircle of deep blue, with glittering summits of snow.

It is a pleasant walk on this March day; but it was far otherwise when in that terrible January weather, ninety years ago, a Private of the 71st, a starving, shoeless boy among thousands of other starving, shoeless men and boys, tramped this weary way towards Coruña. The rain beat in their faces, they sunk deep in the melting snow, which was stained with their blood. Behind them rode the fierce French cavalry, who wanted no prisoners, but merely to show their sword-play on the flesh and bone of the exhausted wretches who fell behind on the march.

We turn, and far behind us lies Astorga, in the shadow of a cloud. The great mass of its cathedral, its roofs and towers, stand up a silhouette, dark against the watery greys, greens, reds of the plain and the clear blue of the sky. For the sky over there is very blue, washed by the rain, and along it are passing clouds: clouds flat and shaded below and billowing up above, as it were into white wings or sails. They seem a flight of celestial birds, a fleet of airy ships, flying, sailing away with the rain and the murky weather.

IV.

LEON.

WHY do trains in Spain start at such inconvenient hours? The favourite times seem to be midnight and 5 A.M. In summer there is much to be said for this arrangement. In winter it at any rate saves the traffic-manager the trouble of constructing a separate time-table. Accustomed to misgovernment, the Spaniard patiently accepts the situation. In a country where many *repatriados* from Cuba have to die of starvation before the survivors begin to agitate for their hard-earned arrears of pay, inconvenient train arrangements seem a small matter.—I have plenty of time for these reflections while sitting in the omnibus of what Murray calls 'the good little inn' at Astorga in front of the post office. The *Correo* has to be aroused and brought off to the train, and to judge from the loudness and length of the knocking at his door, he sleeps soundly. But I do not grudge him his slumbers, for the view up the quaint little street is strangely fascinating. It is exactly the moment when night gives place to day, and while I wait the low irregular houses begin to glimmer white, the oil-lamps pale under the growing daylight, and through a gateway a vista of towers and projecting windows shows more and more distinctly. The whole thing is curiously theatrical. And here come the first actors in the day's drama—two girls with bright-coloured shawls thrown over their heads, a man muffled in a *capa*, and lastly my *Correo*, bearing evident signs of the hurry with which he has made his toilette.

My destination is Leon, and as I pass over the dreary uplands, with occasional glimpses of dark blue mountains in the background, I learn that the name is derived, not from the lion of heraldry as I had always supposed, but from the Roman legion quartered here by Augustus. The Roman camp became the town of Legio, and the Goths in the sixth century changed the name to Leon. Twice for a short time did the city pass into the hands of the Moors, stormed on the second occasion, in 996, by the terrible Al-mansur. His career and its termination are recorded in a brief but spirited manner by a monkish chronicler. 'To him,'—Butler Clarke renders it—'God's judgement for our sins allowed such licence that in twelve successive years he attacked an equal

number of times the Christian territories, captured Leon and the other cities, and made the whole kingdom subject to himself. So it befell that, in the thirteenth year of his reign, after many hideous massacres of Christians, Al-mansur was seized, hard by the great city Medina Celi, by the devil who had possessed him during his life and hurled into hell.' Of the fortifications only one tower was left, though the massive basement of the old Roman walls is still traceable under the later work. With the recovery of the city from the Moors early in the eleventh century begins the importance of Leon. The changing relationships and intricate quarrels of the early kings of Leon and Castille—the Ordoños, the Ramiros, the Bermudos—are hardly, perhaps, for the general reader, worth the trouble of unravelling. But an interesting account of the reigns of Fernando I., Sancho II., and Alfonso VI., may be found in Butler Clarke's recently published book on the Cid ('Heroes of the Nations' series). Fernando and Alfonso were the founders of the great church and convent of San Isidoro at Leon at the end of the eleventh century, and during the succeeding reigns of various Sanchos, Fernandos, and Alfonsos the city maintained its position as the capital of a considerable kingdom. The building of the present cathedral probably coincides with the high-water mark of Leon's prosperity. It was most of it built in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and seems to have been completed in 1303. On the death of Alfonso XI. in 1350, his successor Pedro (*El Cruel*) removed the Court to Seville, and from that time onwards the history of Leon has been one of decay.

There can be no doubt at all about the decay as soon as one enters Leon. Salamanca and Zamora, the capitals of the two other provinces of the ancient kingdom of Leon, seem busy, bustling places in comparison with this melancholy little town, which has neither the picturesque situation of the rock-fortresses of Astorga and Zamora nor the spacious dignified *plazas* of the old university town of Salamanca. The main street which leads to the cathedral seems to have had nothing done towards paving it since the days of the Cid. On a showery day the ox-waggons sink into the mud nearly to their axles, and as the foot pavement is less than three feet wide—narrower, in fact, than an average Spaniard in his *capa*—it is lucky that foot passengers are not very numerous.

You turn a corner, and on the opposite side of a little square

there stands before you the beautiful west front of Leon Cathedral, perfect in outline, detail, and colour, save for the jarring contrast which the white stone of the modernised central gable makes with the creamy yellow of the towers and portals. Lightness is the keynote of the building. It has an airy grace very unlike the solid massiveness and dim interiors of the Spanish churches of the time. Street, in his 'Gothic Architecture in Spain,' gives convincing architectural reasons for his view that the design is really French, both in detail and in general plan. Nothing seems to be known about the architect, but the resemblance to Amiens and Rheims Cathedrals, both slightly earlier in date, is too close to be accidental, and the amount of window space, far greater than the bright sun of Spain either requires or renders desirable, is a further proof that the designer, if not himself a Frenchman, had, at any rate, been educated among the architects of the north of France. The cathedral of Leon, then, like those of Burgos and Toledo, must be regarded as an exotic. We may be forgiven, perhaps, for feeling some loss of interest in Spanish architecture when we learn that the best cathedrals in Spain are French rather than Spanish. But the fact illustrates a curious characteristic of the history of Spanish art—the tendency to assimilate more advanced foreign styles of work, to the detriment of the development of a national school. Exactly the same thing happened afterwards in the history of Spanish painting. Just when the foundation of a national school of painting seemed to have been laid at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the influence of the more developed schools of Flanders and Italy became too strong for the Spanish artists, and for nearly a hundred years they were for the most part content to produce second-rate imitations of the foreign masters whom Philip II. so liberally invited to Spain.

The 'lightness' of Leon Cathedral, which is a mark of its French origin, has had one deplorable result. To make it light the architect sacrificed stability. More than thirty years ago the groining showed signs of failure, and the south transept became unsafe and had to be taken down. Ever since the building has been in the hands of the restorer, and the work will not be finished for another year or two. It is hard on the good people of Leon that for a whole generation they should have been deprived of the use of their cathedral, but I almost think that the visitor at the present time enjoys the building more. All

the interior scaffolding has now been removed, and the whole shell, with its monuments, lies open to one's gaze, unspoilt by any trivial or tawdry accessories. I dare say that in some respects the restoration might have been better done, but the general effect is very good, and when all the old stained glass has been replaced will be better still.

The church of San Isidoro el Real, though not so grand a building as the cathedral, is in some respects even more full of interest. Nave, aisles, and transepts are fine examples of Romanesque, dating probably from the middle of the twelfth century, and contrasting not unpleasantly with the sixteenth-century pointed chancel. Inside the effect is marred by the white and brown washes with which the walls are overlaid, but outside the details of arcade, cornice, and doorway are most beautiful, especially the south doorway into the nave, over which there is a spirited carving of San Isidoro in mitre and robes on horseback charging the Moors—a supernatural apparition, be it observed, for the real saint, who was Archbishop of Seville in the seventh century, was a man of the pen rather than of the sword. It would take too long to relate the miraculous visions which led King Fernando to transport the bones of the saint to Leon. The building in which he seems to have placed them is now a chapel at the west end of the present church, but it is at least eighty years older, and was probably the original church. It is called the Pantheon, and has been in its day a sort of small Escorial for the ancient kings of Leon, whose bodies reposed near the relics of the saint until wantonly disturbed by Soult's troopers. Fortunately, the French soldiers, while making havoc of the tombs, could not reach the vaulted roof, and so were compelled to spare the interesting early frescoes, which still, though retouched, give a quaint charm to the building. The courteous sacristan who showed me the Pantheon also took me into the monastery, now in a truly Spanish state of dilapidation. A few hundred volumes moulder on the shelves of the library, and some good illuminated manuscripts have been put out in show-cases, among them a copy of the Scriptures dated DCCCCLXVIII. (*i.e.* A.D. 968). It is not often that one sees a date of the Christian era written before it became necessary to use the letter M.

TOLD WHILE 'GAMMING.'

THE CALLING OF CAPTAIN RAMIREZ.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE CRUISE OF THE "CACHALOT,"' ETC.

WHEN two whale-ships meet during a cruise, if there are no signs of whales near, an exchange of visits always takes place. The two captains foregather on board one ship, the two chief mates on board the other. While the officers are thus enjoying themselves, it is usual for the boats' crews to go forrard and while away the time as best they can, such visitors being always welcome. This practice is called 'gamming,' and is fruitful of some of the queerest yarns imaginable, as these sea-wanderers ransack their memories for tales wherewith to make the time pass pleasantly.

On the occasion of which I am writing, our ship had met the *Coral* of Martha's Vineyard off Nieuwe, and gamming had set in immediately. One of the group among whom I sat was a sturdy little native of Guam, in the Ladrone Islands, the picture of good-humour, but as ugly as a Joss. Being called upon for a song, he laughingly excused himself on the ground that his songs were calculated to give a white man collywobbles; but if we didn't mind he would spin a 'cuffer' (yarn) instead. Carried unanimously—and we lit fresh pipes as we composed ourselves to hear of 'The Calling of Captain Ramirez.' I reproduce the story in a slightly more intelligible form than I heard it, the mixture of Spanish, Kanaka, &c., being a gibberish not to be understood by any but those who have lived among the polyglot crowd in a whaler.

'About fifteen years ago now, as near as I can reckon (for we don't keep much account of time except we're on monthly wage), I was cruising the Kingsmills in the old *Salem*, Captain Ramirez. They told me her name meant "Peace," and that may be; but if so, all I can say is that never was a ship worse named. Why, there wasn't ever any peace aboard of her. Quiet there was, when the old man was asleep, for nobody wanted him wakened; but peace—well, I tell ye boys, she was jest hell afloat. I've been fishing now a good many years in Yankee spouters, and there's

some blood-boats among 'em, but never was I so unlucky as when I first set foot aboard the *Salem*. Skipper was a Portugee from Flores, come over to the States as a nipper and brung up in Rhode Island. Don't know and don't care how he got to be skipper, but I guess Jemmy Squarefoot was his schoolmaster, for some of his tricks wouldn't, couldn't, have been thought of anywheres else but down below. I ain't a-goin' to make ye all miserable by telling you how he hazed us round and starved us and tortured us, but you can let your imagination loose if you want to, and then you won't overhaul the facts of his daily amusements.

'Well, I'd been with him about a year when, as I said at first, we was cruising the Kingsmills, never going too close in, because at that time the natives were very savage, always fighting with each other, but very glad of the chance to go for a ship and kill and eat all hands. Then again we had some Kanakas aboard, and the skipper knew that if they got half a chance they would be overboard and off to the shore.

'Sperm whales were very plentiful, in fact, they had been so all the cruise, which was another proof to all of us who the skipper was in co. with, for nearly every ship we gammed the crowd were heartbroken at their bad luck. However, we'd only been a few days on the ground when one morning we lowered to a thundering big school of middling size whales. We sailed in full butt, and all boats got fast. But no sooner was a strain put on the lines than they all parted like as if they was burnt. Nobody there ever seen or heard of such a thing before. It fairly scared us all, for we thought it was witchcraft, and some of 'em said the skipper's time was up and his boss was rounding on him. Well, we bent on again, second irons, as the whales were all running anyhow, not trying to get away, and we all got fast again. 'Twas no good at all; all parted just the same as before. Well, we was about the worst gallied lot of men you ever see. We was that close to the ship that we knew the old man could see with his glasses everything that was going on. Every one of us knew just about how he was bearing it, but what could we do? Well, boys, we didn't have much time to serlilerquize, for before you could say "knife" here he comes, jumping, howling mad. Right in among us he busted, and oh! he did look like his old father Satan on the rampage. He was in the bow of his boat, and he let drive at the first whale he ran up against. Down

went the fish and pop went the line same as before. Well, I've seen folks get mad more'n a little, but never in all my fishing did ever I see anything like he showed us then. I thought he'd a sploded all into little pieces. He snatched off his hat and tore it into ribbons with his teeth; the rattle of Portugee blasphemion was like our old mincing machine going full kelter, and the foam flew from between his teeth like soapsuds.

'Suddenly he cooled down all in a minute like, and said very quiet, "All aboard." We were all pretty well prepared for the worst by this time, but I do think we liked him less now than we did when he was ramping around—he looked a sight more dangerous. However, we obeyed orders smart, as usual, but he was aboard first. My! how that boat of his just flew. 'Twas like a race for life.

'We were no sooner on board than we hoisted boats and made them fast. Then the skipper yelled, "All hands lay aft." Aft we come prompt, and ranged ourselves across the quarter-deck in front of where he was prowling back and forth like a breeding tigress. As soon as we were all aft he stopped, facing us, and spoke. "Somebody aboard this ship's been trying to work a jolt off on me by pisonin' my lines. Now I want that man, so's I can kill him, slow; 'n I'm agoing to have him too 'thout waiting too long. Now I think this ship's been too easy a berth for all of you, but from this out until I have my rights on the man I want she's agoing to be a patent hell. Make up yer mines quick, fer I tell yer no ship's crew ever suffered what you're agoin' to suffer till I get that man under my hands. Now go."

'When we got forrard we found the folksle scuttle screwed up so's we couldn't get below. There was no shelter on deck from the blazing sun, the hatches was battened so we couldn't get into the fore-hold, so we had to just bear it. One man went aft to the scuttle butt for a drink of water, and found the spigot gone. The skipper saw him, and says to him, "You'll fine plenty to drink in the bar'l forrard," and you know the sort of liquor *that's* full of. Some of us flung ourselves down on deck, being dog tired as well as hungry and thirsty, but he was forrard in a minute with both his shooting-irons cocked. "Up, ye spawn, 'n git some exercise; ye'r gettin' too fat 'n lazy," says he. So we trudged about praying that he might drop dead, but none of us willing as yet to face certain death by defying him. The blessed night came at last, and we were able to get a little rest, he having gone below,

and the officers, though willing enough to keep in with him at our expense, not being bad enough to drive us all night unless he was around to see it done. Along about eight bells came the steward, with a biscuit apiece for us and a bucket of water—about half a pint each. We were so starved and thirsty that the bite and sup was a godsend. What made things worse for us was the suspicion we had one of the other. As I said, we was, as usual, a mixed crowd and ready to sell one another for a trifle. He knew that, curse him, and reckoned with considerable certainty on getting hold of the victim he wanted. Well, the night passed somehow, and when morning came he was around again making us work, scouring iron-work bright, holy-stoning decks, scrubbing overside, as if our very lives depended on the jobs being done full pelt.

'We was drawing in pretty close to a small group of islands, closer than we had been yet in those waters, and we all wondered what was in the wind. Suddenly he gave orders to back the mainyard and have the dinghy lowered. She was a tiny tub of a craft, such as I never saw carried in a whaler before, only about big enough for three. A little Scotchman and myself was ordered into her, then to our amazement the old man got in, shoved off, and headed her for the opening through the reef surrounding the biggest island of the group. It was fairly well wooded with cocoanut trees and low bushes, while, unlike any of the other islets, there were several big rocks showing up through the vegetation in the middle of it. We weren't long getting to the beach, where we jumped out and ran her up a piece so's he could step out dry. We waited for a minute or two while he sat thinking, and looking straight ahead of him at nothing. Presently he jumped out and said to me, "Come," and to Sandy, "Stay here." Off he went up the beach and straight into the little wood, just as if somebody was calling him and he had to go. Apparently there wasn't a living soul on the whole island except just us three. We had only got a few yards into the bush when we came to a little dip in the ground: a sort of valley. Just as we got to the bottom, we suddenly found ourselves in the grip of two Kanakas, the one that had hold of the skipper being the biggest man I ever saw. I made one wriggle, but my man, who was holding my two arms behind my back, gave them a twist that nearly wrenched them out of their sockets and quieted me good. As for the skipper, he was trying to call or speak, but although his

mouth worked no sound came, and he looked like death. The giant that had him flung him on his face and lashed his wrists behind him with a bit of native fish line, then served his ankles the same. I was tied next, but not so cruel as the skipper, indeed they didn't seem to want to hurt me. The two Kanakas now had a sort of a consultation by signs, neither of them speaking a word. While they was at it I noticed the big one was horribly scarred all over his back and loins (they was both naked except for a bit of a grass belt) as well as crippled in his gait. Presently they ceased their dumb motions and came over to me. The big one opened his mouth and pointed to where his tongue had been, also to his right eye socket which was empty. Then he touched the big white scars on his body, and finally pointed to the skipper. Whole books couldn't have explained his meaning better than I understood it then. But what was coming? I declare I didn't feel glad a bit at the thought that Captain Ramirez was going to get his deserts at last.

'Suddenly the giant histed the skipper on his shoulder as if he had been a baby, and strode off across the valley towards the massive heap of rocks, followed by his comrade and myself. We turned sharply round a sort of gate composed of three or four huge coral blocks balanced upon each other, and entered a grotto or cave with a descending floor. Over the pieces of rock with which the ground was strewed we stumbled onward in the dim light until we entered water and splashed on through it for some distance. Then, our eyes being by this time used to the darkness, the general features of the place could be made out. Communication with the sea was evident, for the signs of high-water mark could be seen on the walls of the cave just above our heads. For a minute or so we remained perfectly still in the midst of that dead silence, so deep that I fancied I could hear the shell-fish crawling on the bottom. Then I was brought a few paces nearer the Captain, as he hung upon the great Kanaka's shoulder. Taking my eyes from his death-like face I cast them down, and there, almost at my feet, was one of those enormous clams such as you see the shells of thrown up on all these beaches, big as a child's bath. Hardly had the horrible truth dawned on me of what was going to happen than it took place. Lifting the skipper into an upright position, the giant dropped him feet first between the gaping shells of the big clam, which, the moment it felt the touch, shut them with a

smash that must have broken the skipper's legs. An awful wail burst from him, the first sound he had yet made. I have said he was brave, and he was too, although such a cruel villain, but now he broke down and begged hard for life. It may have been that the Kanakas were deaf as well as dumb, at any rate for all sign of hearing they showed, they were. He appealed to me, but I was as helpless as he, and my turn was apparently now to come. But evidently the Kanakas were only carrying out what they considered to be payment of a due debt, for after looking at him fixedly for awhile, during which I felt the water rising round my knees, they turned their backs on him and led me away. I was glad to go, for his shrieks and prayers were awful to hear, and I couldn't do anything.

'They led me to where they had first caught us, made me fast to a tree, and left me. Overcome with fatigue and hunger I must have fainted, for when I came to I found myself loose lying on the sand and two or three of my shipmates attending to me. As soon as I was able to speak they asked me what had become of the skipper. Then it all rushed back on me at once, and I told them the dreadful story. They heard me in utter silence, the mate saying at last, "Wall, sonny, it's a good job fer yew the Kanakers made ye fast, or yew'd have had a job ter clear yersef of murder." And so I thought now. However, as soon as I was a bit rested and had something to eat, I led them to the cave, keeping a bright look-out meanwhile for a possible attack by the Kanakas. None appeared though, and the tide having fallen again we had no difficulty in finding the skipper. All that was left of him, that is, for the sea-scavengers had been busy with him, so that he was a sight to remember with a crawling at your stomach till your dying day. He was still fast in the grip of the clam, so it was decided to leave him there and get on board again at once.

'We did so unmolested, getting sail on the ship as soon as we reached her, so as to lose sight of that infernal spot. But it's no use denying the fact that we all felt glad the skipper was dead; some rejoiced at the manner of his death, although none could understand who called him ashore or why he obeyed. Those who had whispered the theory of the finish of his contract with Jemmy Squarefoot chuckled at their prescience, as fully justified by the sequel, declaring that the big Kanaka whom I had seen was none other than Satan himself come for his bargain.

'Matters went on now in quite a different fashion. The relief

was so great that we hardly knew ourselves for the same men, and it affected all hands alike, fore and aft. The secret of the breaking line was discovered when Mr. Peck, the mate, took the skipper's berth over. In a locker beneath the bunk he found the pieces of a big bottle, what they call a "carboy," I think, and in hunting up the why of this a leakage through the deck was found into the store-room where the cordage was kept. Only two other coils were affected by the stuff that had run down, and of course they were useless, but the rest of the stock was all right. Now, I don't know what it was, nor how it came there, nor any more about it, and if you ain't tired of listening I'm mighty tired of talking. Pass that "switchel" this way.'

VOID OF UNDERSTANDING.

I.

FROM every chink in the old door of the shed, red light forced itself out, penetrating far into the darkness of a night that was clear but without stars. The windows were squares of scarlet, and Berry, crouching in the long grass beside the wall, could hear the fiddles play over and over again the same reeling air. On this the night of his father's second marriage, Berry had not been wanted in the merry-making that followed the ceremony, so he had wandered off by himself till the dusk fell, when the shadows about the roads began to get frightful, and he longed to be safe at home beside the fire. But the door of the house was locked, and someone in the barn had the key; so he found a dry corner by the wall, huddled himself up there, and began to look at the great cloudless grey sky, against which the farm buildings rose in a long row. The trees could be counted one by one, and he could see the meadow below him hoary with the first autumnal frosts. All was breathlessly quiet in the transparent dusk; the barn with its light and noise seemed another little world shut tightly up, with its own life going on in its own way, surrounded on all sides by a great quiet. Berry had one thought in his head—how much he would like to get to bed now, for it was so cold.

He crept again to the door of the barn, and peeped through a crack. Thump, thump, thump—the steps of the dancers went round and round, and then bursts of laughter came roaring out into the night, and someone threw down one of the windows for more air, and the keen giggle of the fiddles sung on above it all.

Berry turned away. He would go back and sit by the wall again. Berry's step was shuffling and uncertain, and his big head nodded about as he walked—a clumsy, piteous figure. No wonder they did not want him in there!

Now he was back beside the wall, and the window had been shut. He had not many thoughts at any time, but a sensation of fear began to pluck at his heart, left here alone out in the clear moonless night. Something might be coming on him; he looked behind and saw the bank of wood against the sky. On one side

was the wall, on the other a tangle of brambles and hemlocks, growing tall among some loose stones. Something moved there; he watched it, and it moved and moved. He went a little nearer to see; it stretched, and all the leaves began to quiver. Berry's heart was beating so fast that he could no longer hear the tune they played inside the barn. He must get away from this thing. He tried to run, but his feet were like weights of lead. Then it rose and rose, and screeched, and flapped, and gobbled, so that in his agony of terror Berry tumbled himself forwards through the weeds and loose stones down into the ditch, where the slime, pouring over him, made him scream aloud, and scrambling, dragging himself desperately up, he dashed at the door of the barn, while the great turkey-cock, whose rest he had disturbed, standing on the heap of stones, bubbled after him his angry disdain.

To be the heroine of the occasion begins to pall after six hours' enjoyment of that distinction amidst heat and noise. There was a lull in the music. The dancers sank on to the 'forms' and wiped their faces, and the bride, in her blue merino gown, seated blushing and smiling at the head of the long room, began to wish the wedding guests would go, for her head ached with the noise and the thick air, heavy with fumes of whisky and tobacco.

Amidst the general good feeling that prevailed, everyone—except, perhaps, lame Christina, the bridegroom's aunt and house-keeper, who was deprived of her employment by this marriage; and Janet Macnee, whose brother Elsie had jilted for the better match—everyone considered that Cameron was a happy man to get such a wife. Indeed, she was very pretty, and capable, and clever, and come of good people too. There was a distinct compliment in the manner in which the 'best man' now rose to sing during this pause in the dancing. He fixed his eyes on the bride as he sang—

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;
Her neck is like the swan;
And her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

He was just beginning,

Like dew on the gowans lying,

when there came a crash at the door, followed by a chorus of exclamation; a current of cold night air swept into the room as

the door flew open, and Berry, uttering a shrill, fearful cry, his clothes dripping with ooze and slime, came stumbling in among the wedding guests. His stupid face was drawn with terror, and he kept grasping at some invisible thing in front of him until he sank back, dazzled all of a sudden by the bright lights and the crowd about him. He would have fallen if Janet Macnee had not caught him up. 'Losh, losh!' she muttered, and a dead silence fell through the room. Janet wore her best black silk gown that night, and now the mud was all over it, but she lifted the boy on to her lap. 'Stand back an' let the creater get breath—he's a'most awa', she said, propping the big head upon her arms; then lifting him up like a baby, she moved nearer to the bride.

'It's yer step-son, Mistress Cameron,' she said in a low voice. (Elsie's conduct to her brother got its payment then.)

The people around nudged each other, looking expressively at the bride as she bent over the boy, holding her skirt almost unconsciously out of the way (blue merino soils so easily). Berry opened his eyes and looked at her. She saw the white vacant face, the open mouth, the bloodshot eyes, the mis-shapen limbs hanging limply from Mrs. Macnee's arm, and as he lifted one of his coarse, cold hands to touch hers—on which glittered the new wedding-ring—she snatched it away, turning to her husband with a shudder.

'Oh, John,' she said piteously, 'the bairn's got a fricht—he'd better be pit til his bed.'

'I'll tak' him hame wi' me,' said Janet dryly. 'We've no far tae gang, an' Donald'll carry him fine. Ye'll no be wantin' him the nicht, Mistress Cameron?'

She wrapped the child in a shawl, and turned to the door. Berry seemed confused and frightened still, and though Janet questioned him several times on his way home, he gave no intelligible reply.

'He's never been richt i' the mind, but he's waur nor I thocht,' she said to Donald after she had put the child to bed. 'Maybe Elsie'll no be sae weel aff aifter a'—the evil eye was on her the nicht—lame Kirsty's no a body I'd like tae cross—she micht nae hae done sae ill tae tak' oor Peter aifter a'—she's got a braw son tae stairt wi', ony hoo.'

Berry wakened out of his first sleep with a start. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the fiddlers were passing on their way home.

II.

HERE was a very pretty young woman, just married to one of the steadiest, most respected men in the countryside, wishing to do her best, and make him a good wife—but here also was Berry, poor Berry, who, when the house was as neat as could be, and Elsie sitting in state waiting for a neighbour to look in, would trail, all slush and dirt, across the spotless floor, to sit on the fender and gabble vacantly when he was spoken to. And as time went on, matters, as they generally do in a home trial, got worse. With Elsie's own brown, bright-eyed baby in the cradle, was it pleasant to have the stranger lady who called one day inquire compassionately, 'What is the matter with your eldest little boy?'

And grievances grow like Jack's beanstalk when they are planted in one's own garden. This one became bigger than ever when the second baby had arrived, and when, on the day of the baptism, just as the minister was deep in the prayer, with everyone in the room so solemn, the idiot, standing behind the door, suddenly pulled out the concertina to its fullest length!

Could Elsie like that? Could she, who was young still, and thought a man could love but one, like to see the photograph of the first wife—the one done in Glasgow, showing her sitting with Berry as a baby on her knee—hanging always on the wall in front of her, to remind her every day that she was only the second?

Berry had been sent to school on trial for a day or two; but the master soon told them it was no use; he could never learn; so that instead of being sent off in the morning like other children, and only returning at five o'clock—for the schoolhouse lay two miles off over the moor—he was always there, loitering about the door, muttering to himself, or sitting opposite to Elsie at meal-times, when he would spill every second mouthful that he tried to get into his poor open mouth. Elsie soon put a stop to this, however.

'It makes me fair sick,' she said. 'I'll give him his food when we're through, John,' and she did always. He got plenty to eat and drink.

It was quite hopeless to try to keep him clean, for he would be for ever with the ducks, ploutring away at the 'spout.'

At the Sunday school, where Miss Mackenzie was very patient,

he was allowed to stay, and Elsie had a gleam of hope that he might learn something after all when she heard him mumble,

On then to glory-run,
Be a crown-an'-kingdom won;

but it was all he could ever repeat of that or any other lesson.

Elsie tried very hard to be kind to him at first. When she married she held in her mind some ideal of what a step-mother ought to be; but practice, with the most of us, means the slow disintegration of the ideal, and Elsie's crumbled quickly. He did not mind being scolded, for unless your voice was very high and harsh, he did not understand, so she got into the habit of giving him a tap on the head, sometimes briskly, when he would keep standing beside her baking-board; or a slap—a light slap—now and then if he tumbled things over; and she would push him aside with impatience when he came trailing, trailing 'amongst her feet,' asking some pointless question for the hundredth time. This was all trying enough; but it was really after her own children were born that it became unbearable, for strangers would ask why she did not send her eldest boy to school?

John came home one night when the second baby was a few weeks old, and found her sitting by the cradle crying. Then for the first time she told him what she felt.

'It's the shame of it,' she sobbed, 'that onybody should take the likes of him for my bairn, an' Johnny sae well grown an' sae quick at the uptak, an' the baby——' She looked down at the warm waxen face of the infant in its healthy sleep. 'The sicht o' him fears me whiles. He'll stand glowerin' at the bairn, an' talkin' a' the while, an' ye'll no ken a wurd he's sayin'. The bairn's like tae scream whiles when he'll poke yon great heid intil the cradle, an' no wonder either.'

John puffed at his pipe, and moved impatiently. He had not known quite how badly matters stood between Berry and his step-mother. Involuntarily as she spoke his eyes wandered from the cradle, and rested on the faded photograph that hung on the wall beside the fireplace.

Elsie watched his glance, and she felt that her opportunity was at hand. Rising softly from her low chair, she put her hand on his shoulder, and, so sweet, so pretty looked down into his face. His eyes grew soft as they met hers.

'I'd be easier like, John,' she said gently, letting her eyelashes

droop as she spoke, 'if ye'd just pit away yon picture. It's aye lookin' at me wherever I gae, an'—an'—Berry's no sense, I'm sure, to ken who it is.'

'No more he has,' said her husband shortly, and moved his face away that she might not see his expression. 'Would ye grudge her the picter on yer wa', lassie?' he asked at length.

'No me. I'm no grudgin' her naething that's hers; but ye may think what ye like.' She sat down again by the cradle. 'I hae my ain bairns,' she said, and lifted her baby and rocked it to and fro.

She did not look again at her husband, only in the long silence that fell between them she drew two or three slow sighs. The clock ticked away; the cradle rocked softly; and the green twigs on the fire began to bubble and hiss as the flames came near them. The man sat silent till half an hour had passed. Then he rose, and, stretching out his long arm, he took down the little photograph. Elsie did not turn her head. He held it in his hand, looking at it. She glanced round for a moment, and then buried her face in the cradle, cooing to the child.

'Will that please ye?' he asked.

Elsie made no reply.

He went slowly across the room to the big chest of drawers that was filled with clothing, from amongst which he took a handkerchief, and wrapping it carefully about the little picture, he laid it back in the drawer. Then he looked round at Elsie. Her head was bent over the cradle. He opened the door, and shambled into the yard. 'Ways o' women,' he muttered to himself.

As the door closed behind him, Elsie lifted up her face. '*Thae men*,' she said expressively.

III.

BERRY found himself, after the arrival of the second baby, a good deal occupied in taking care of Johnny, who at first of course had been considered much too precious to be allowed out of Elsie's sight. Berry had always shown a curious fondness for the little boy, ever since he first began to creep about the floor, for when he was in the cradle, Berry was never permitted to touch him; when the child began to move about on his hands and knees, Berry too would get down on the floor, and with foolish laughter

and meaningless gestures, make his clumsy efforts to amuse. He let Johnny tumble over him, pull his hair, slap him, do anything he pleased with him, and the child soon discovered that Berry was a more bidable play-fellow than the cat, and did not scratch. So when Elsie had her hands full with the new baby, she found it very convenient to make Berry look after Johnny, and he carried out this, the only duty that he had ever known, with strange fidelity. Nothing else would keep him from messing about in the mud and water by the spout; but if Elsie put Johnny's hand in his, telling him to 'mind the bairn,' he would pass hours at a time, on the safe dry ground before the door, playing muddled little games with stones, games in which Johnny was always the teacher; allowing Johnny to 'play horses,' Berry always the horse. He had no jealousy of the little boy, and though the one thing that he liked best in the world was to stand at night between his father's knees and watch the fire blazing, and get warmed through and through, he never seemed to mind when Johnny, as was often the case, occupied the coveted position, and he was left to creep away into the corner next the door, where only a faint degree of heat could penetrate. He was intensely susceptible to cold, perhaps because his thin blood ran torpidly, and he had not the wits to jump about and warm himself like other children. As the nights drew on to frost he used to shiver almost continuously, so that it made Elsie quite uncomfortable to look at him, and she would sigh to herself in the morning, as he stood chattering in the door-way—a pitiful object, with his ungainly head and cold swollen hands.

As Johnny grew older, he managed to make Berry understand more than other people did. It was Johnny, and not Miss Mackenzie, who taught him to reply '*Jesus*' to every question that they asked him at the Sunday school, an answer which did wonderfully well, and gained him admission along with the others to the treat at Christmas time.

The smaller boys at the treat were all seated on the benches to the front, and as Berry had come to take care of Johnny, he was seated there too. He sat with one hand in Johnny's, the other grasping his orange, gazing in a kind of trance at the beautiful pictures that passed and repassed across the darkness at the end of the room, where Miss Mackenzie was showing the slides of a magic lantern.

When a picture of Queen Victoria, very richly dressed in her

coronation robes, was on view, the superintendent asked who it was, and Berry's voice, shrill above the others, made his invariable reply. The little ones beside him burst into uncontrollable laughter, and Miss Mackenzie, shocked by the profanity, sternly demanded who had said it. An angry juvenile teacher, not clearly understanding who it was, and not seeing Berry's poor face in the darkness, lifted him forward and turned him out at the door, without his orange.

So he went home alone, sobbing and slobbering, quite unaware of his offence. Miss Mackenzie tried her best next day to explain about it to Elsie—how they could not let the other children begin to laugh at such a reply, and so on.

'Johnny, for all he's that wee, was fair affronted, mem,' Elsie answered. Long afterwards she perhaps remembered the hard words with which she received Berry when he came back by himself in disgrace, having, as she thought, forsaken his trust, and left Johnny to find his way home alone.

'I wadna leave him—I wadna leave him,' sobbed Berry. 'They pit me oot,'—that had only made matters worse.

IV.

THE village school was reopened early in January, and Elsie made up her mind to send Johnny there for the first time. She did not like to see him constantly playing about with Berry, and though he was young enough to go such a distance, he was so quick and keen at learning for his age that she felt he ought to be with other boys, not all day long with a half-witted creature like his step-brother.

The schoolhouse lay about two miles over the moor, and she could not take him herself because of leaving the baby, so she gave Berry very strict charge concerning him. He was to go the whole way, not to loiter or to stop. He was to wait till the school came out, and take Johnny home. 'Go wi' him, an' be sure ye bring him back. Ye can show him the way—*it's all yer good for*,' she said, giving Johnny's coat a final pull before they started. Her mind was still vexed by Berry's last disgrace, and she was scarcely aware of how sharply she spoke; she was anxious too, for it was a long way for her little boy, and the sky looked dark and threatening. Berry looked at her blankly, as if he did not understand.

'Ye'll mind no tae come back yer lane this time,' she repeated. 'Bring him back—it's all *ye're good for*.'

Berry fixed his expressionless eyes on her for a moment, then he took Johnny's hand, and turned humbly away.

She watched them go slowly on together till the road dipped down to the moor, and they were hidden behind the ridge.

V.

THE hours that he spent outside the door, in the little porch of the schoolhouse, where he could hear the buzz of voices inside and the occasional drumming of the master's hand upon the desk, were very long hours to Berry, but he did not dare to move away. It began to get terribly cold. He watched the low winter sun, pale as straw, sink and sink further down the sky. Strange flights of birds flew twittering above in the darkening atmosphere, and the noise of a little burn that ran beside the door grew more distinct, until at last it ran with an almost metallic tinkle under the freezing grass. Berry rubbed his cold hands, swung his leaden feet, got up and walked a little way, and then came back to his post. He was afraid to go far lest the school should come out in his absence.

So cold! but even to his dull wits the 'bitter sky' did not 'bite so nigh' as the confused pain that moved in his uncertain mind—something about being shut out alone when all the other boys were in school—about having in some way done wrong to Johnny by leaving him before. He would not leave Johnny alone; he would sit on there though it was so cold.

When the sun, now red like crimson, had dropped upon the heavy rim of cloud that lay to the west, and a few flakes of snow began idly to flutter down upon the hard ground, the school-door opened, and the children tumbled out, shouting, into the sharp evening air. In the first rush of egress, no one noticed Berry sitting in the porch. Then Johnny saw him, and called out; and then some of the bigger boys, riotous with spirits and freedom, made a ring round him and danced in a circle, mocking at his efforts to escape. He got hopelessly confused, and just ran round and round, always foiled whenever he attempted to creep under the barrier of arms that encircled him. At last, when the master himself came out, and shouted to them crossly that they must go home at once for the snow was coming, they desisted from the

fun, and let their victim escape. They scattered away in groups, leaving Berry and Johnny standing alone, for they were the only boys whose way lay over the moor, and the sound of the young voices soon died away.

In spite of the hour—four in the afternoon—an oppressive darkness had fallen over the land; too early for night, some sort of unwholesome fellow to the dark seemed spreading wings like a great bird over the sky. Johnny said it was cold, and proudly wrapped himself in his grand red muffler; and Berry trudged along beside him anxiously. The snow was falling thickly now, and the moor looked very gloomy.

‘Div ye think we’ll be hame afore it’s dark, Berry?’ said the little boy at length.

‘Aye,’ said Berry. ‘It’s no far.’

They went as quickly as they could, but the snow came ever quicker. At first it blew slowly from the east, so that only one side of their coats got white; then it became finer in quality, and fell faster and faster, until it danced about them in a blinding white spray.

‘I’m feared—it’s that dark,’ said Johnny. They could now see hardly a foot before them. ‘Are we near hame noo, Berry?’ he asked again. He was beginning to be very tired; they seemed to have gone such a long way.

Berry suddenly stumbled on something, and looked up at him. ‘Hoo’s there a wa’ here?’ he asked.

Johnny took his arm, and pulled him round. ‘Ye’ve gone the wrang road,’ he cried. ‘Yon’s no’ the way we came.’ The little boy was the quicker of the two, you see.

‘Oo aye, so we hae,’ said Berry, obeying the push, and turning round to gaze into the white obscurity.

They plunged forward again, and went on steadily for some time, though now the snow was so deep, and the wind blew it in such stifling clouds against their faces, that their progress became very slow.

‘I’m wantin’ hame; I’m feared, Berry.’ Johnny had begun to cry.

‘Whisht, whisht,’ said Berry, putting his arm round him. ‘It’s hame, hame we’re gaen.’ He led the little boy stumblingly forwards.

Johnny began to choke with the bitter white dust that filled his eyes and mouth. He could hear Berry mutter to himself the same words, ‘It’s hame, hame.’ Then they both sank deep into a bog-hole. Berry was out first, and dragged Johnny after him,

now shivering and crying. Before them the snow was drifted so deep that they could scarcely move. 'It's hame,' Berry began to mumble. Then the little boy pulled at his arm, calling into his ear:

'*It's no hame—it's the wrang road; an' yer a fule—yer no wise. I'm wantin' hame; I'm wantin' ma mitler.*' And he sank down into the snow by Berry's side, sobbing and choking, and hid his face in Berry's sleeve.

'Yer a fule—yer no wise'—the words penetrated slowly into Berry's mind.

He staggered again to his feet, and pulled Johnny along with him a few yards further, but it was of no use. He could not carry the little boy, and he was too exhausted to go any further without help. The snow was numbing and blinding Berry; but all his mind had now centred on the one idea—to take care of Johnny, and not again incur his step-mother's anger by leaving him behind. He struggled out of his coat and wrapped it round Johnny. The sting of redoubled cold on his own back and arms roused him for a moment.

'Ye manna cry, laddie,' he said, wrapping him as closely as he could. They had sunk down together against a large stone; it seemed to give some protection from the storm.

'A'm cold—cold—cold,' sobbed Johnny, then raising his head he said: 'shout, Berry, shout, they'll maybe hear.'

Clouds and clouds of snow swept across the moor. Gazing out before them, they could see nothing but a vortex of whirling white confusion. Overhead the black tempestuous sky showed every here and there, when, for a moment, the snow-clouds were driven apart by the wind.

Berry sat up and shouted as loudly as he could; Johnny joined in with a shrill cry. The wind took the feeble voices, and carried them away into the wild white cloud.

'Shout again, Berry,' said the little boy, and Berry shouted loudly. No one answered, only a sheep bleated a faint reply.

'I'm near dead,' said Johnny; 'ye've ta'en the wrong road.' He could scarcely speak for cold. Berry silently fumbled away at his shabby little vest; he took it off and rolled it round Johnny's legs. Then a great blast of wind came roaring over the moor, and swept the snow higher and higher, till it broke over them in a suffocating powdery wave.

'*Whisht, wisht, are ye no warm noo?*' said Berry.

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About noon on the following day, the men who had gone out to seek for the boys came to a standstill as the dogs began to scrape and search for something in the deepest drift.

The storm had long since abated, and the winter sun shone in an unclouded sky, pouring its light over the immaculate slopes of snow which the violence of the storm had piled like billows above the gentle undulations of the moor. Across such a pavement, so white and glistening, some heavenly vision might have floated from the blue.

The men raised their hands involuntarily to shield their eyes from the blinding radiance as they looked. There was breathless silence for a few moments whilst the dogs hurried to and fro, scraping, with short gasps, every here and there. 'She's on the scent noo,' cried one man, and the collie began to yelp and shiver with excitement. There was a deep drift piled up against a great stone, and they began to shovel the snow away—worked hard for a moment or two, and then stopped suddenly, and stood around in silence.

'Lord! Lord!' said the father, dropping on his knees.

The two boys lay huddled up beside the stone, Johnny under a heap of soaked clothing that was rolled and piled above him. He stirred slightly, and drew a deep breath as they uncovered his face. But beside him lay the idiot boy, dead and naked—one rigid hand still holding the clothes that he had heaped over Johnny.

There was not a rag of clothing left to cover the poor misshapen body, and the men who stood around looked for a moment at the unsightly limbs that death had not been kind to; then with one accord, as if ashamed, each man turned his face away.

But as their eyes fell again upon the bewildering whiteness of the snow-covered plain, they had perhaps some vision also of that awful unalterable Love, whose face we may not see.

MARY FINDLATER.

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

SOME of my earliest recollections are of visits to the house of a friend of my father's in Bedford Place where Macaulay was a frequent guest. Even as a child I was impressed by his strong personality. He used to come in after dinner and instantly begin to talk, his words rolling out like peals of thunder and his voice penetrating through the room. He had a wonderful memory, repeating passages from Latin and Greek as well as English authors without pausing an instant for a word. We children often came into the drawing-room when he was so occupied, and he would stop, receive us cordially, and resume the interrupted quotation without the smallest hesitation. For his niece, Lady Knutsford, he had the most intense affection, and I think there was never a visit made to Bedford Place without her name being mentioned and some anecdote of her related. 'Margaret' seemed ever in his mind, and the name a pleasure to him to utter. But he had a large heart and was full of sympathy and kindness to those dear to him. Our friend Mr. E. said, after the irreparable loss of his devoted wife, the devoted mother of his children, 'I could not have lived but for Macaulay.'

Once I had the honour, when I was still very young, of going to breakfast with him in the Albany, and very much I enjoyed wandering about the room and hearing his remarks on some old ballads and a collection of newspaper cuttings which he had looked out for our amusement. I cannot now recollect what these cuttings were, but I have an idea that they were critiques on his writings, and that he laughed very merrily over them as he proved them to be as valueless as reviews too often are. After breakfast a huge old-fashioned green chariot came to the door, and Miss E. and I drove with him to the Houses of Parliament, where he made himself our showman. I remember very distinctly that as we passed Whitehall, he bent forward in the carriage, leaning on his umbrella, and said to me, 'Outside that window'—indicating the window from which Charles I. was led to the scaffold—'a nice little piece of business was done two hundred years ago!' and he followed up the remark by one of his animated discussions on the character and history of the king. In reading

his History of England in after years I did not wonder that even as a child I had been carried away by his personal eloquence and enthusiasm.

A recent writer has told us that Macaulay's appearance was commonplace, but my recollections of him do not coincide with this opinion. He certainly had a splendid head and brow, and his eyes were full of energy and light, but his figure was too stout for his height. He walked with his frock-coat flying away from him as if he could not bear anything tight or confining. Openness was the great point in his face, and his expression was that of a happy man, differing in the most striking way from that of his brother historian, J. A. Froude. He was, too, nearly bald, and Froude had, when I knew him, black hair. In society Froude has been, when I have met him, very reserved—another contrast to Macaulay, who was genial even to a child such as I then was.

Another of my recollections is that of being taken one day, by a friend with whom I was staying, to see Samuel Rogers. He received us very kindly, in a pretty room looking into the Green Park, and filled with books, statuary, and pleasant things. He was very blind and bent and feeble, but still full of conversation. After we had been there some little time, another guest, a lady, came in, and I was at once much struck by her face. She had already grey hair, but did not look old, and her manner was energetic and bright. Mr. Rogers said to her after a few minutes, 'Will you read to me, my dear?' 'Certainly, dear Mr. Rogers,' she replied. 'What shall it be?' 'I should like a bit of the Sermon on the Mount,' he returned. She took up a large Bible from the place where she seemed accustomed to find it and read as he wished. Every word was distinct without affectation, her tone very musical, and her whole soul seemed to enter into the meaning of the often recurring 'Blessed.' When she closed the book we were all silent, and then she rose, saying, 'I cannot stay longer to-day. Good-bye, dear Mr. Rogers,' and she went away, walking with a slight stoop which did not at all detract from her dignified air, and which I have since seen mentioned as one of the charms of this remarkable woman even in her younger days. Mr. Rogers turned to me when the door closed and said, 'My dear, I asked Lady Becher to read to us to-day for your sake as well as my own. You are very young, and in days to come you can now say that you heard the once famous Miss O'Neill read to

old Rogers. I never forgot that visit to the kind old poet, and when I left I tried to thank him, but I felt more than I could express. He was the first living author I had personally known, and to my mind everything I read of his became invested with a fresh interest from that time.

In reading lately a review on 'Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts' by Sir Charles Eastlake, I was reminded of several pleasant evenings I had passed at his house years ago. He and Lady Eastlake were fortunate in being able to gather together a great variety of people, and their parties were free from any stiffness. Painters, men of science and literature, and persons of rank and position assembled in that house, where all felt united in a common feeling of regard for the host and hostess. Sir Charles was very quiet in manner but spoke well. He seemed entirely free from the crotchets and eccentricities of some artists I have known, and was always ready to appreciate the works of others. His own style was peculiar; but his pictures, to my mind, are very beautiful. They suggest peace and repose, they are highly finished, care is bestowed on every trifle. That of our Saviour foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem is the only one I can now name, but the impression I retain of all is that of intense purity and refinement.

Sir Charles had no peculiarities of dress or appearance. He was short and, when I knew him, very bald, and had a most amiable countenance. Lady Eastlake was well known to many before her marriage as the authoress of 'Letters from the Baltic.' She was an excellent linguist and musician, and one evening when I was at her house, Joachim made his, I believe, first appearance in England, and she accompanied him on the piano, playing perfectly at sight.

Another R.A. whom I remember was John Philip. Before he was as well known as he became in after years, I sat to him for a small portrait. Philip was a Scotchman with a kind and yet rough manner, and he worked hard in his profession. He was a large-hearted man, and after rising to a prominent position he was most kind to others less successful than himself. But he seldom, I think, or ever, went into society. Spanish pictures were his great forte, and they are in their way the best modern specimens we have, I imagine, of Spanish life. He died before he was fifty.

I met Mr. Browning one day at a breakfast party. He was a short man, good-looking, and had then a quantity of rather dark

hair. He was full of life and talked a great deal, and had a very pleasant manner. I much regret that, not having at any time made notes of conversations which took place on the occasions when I met the persons referred to in this paper, I cannot now call to mind any particular subjects or opinions expressed, and have only general recollections of the pleasure I derived from being in their society. Of another poet, Aubrey de Vere, I have only the same shadowy remembrance. No one could see him without remarking his striking head and fine brow, and the expression he wore of having gone through much trouble of mind, which was, I believe, the case before he finally seceded from the English Church. He was very enthusiastic on any points which had reference to his new faith, and you could not converse with him without feeling his perfect sincerity. His poetry is of a very high class, and although he has not written much, all is pure and beautiful. Some sonnets of his, written many years before I ever saw him, and which I then greatly admired, seemed just what one would have expected him to write after having known something of his tone of mind in personal interviews. I heard a letter of his once, and it was indeed worth hearing—a poet's letter read by a greater poet still!

To turn from poets to divines, I recollect once meeting Dr. Pusey at one of the annual Church festivals at Frome. He was staying, as were we too, at the vicarage.

When I saw the man who had been the leader of so important a movement, and by whose opinions so many were guided, I was surprised. He was small and very grey, and was peculiar in his dress, wearing a coat like those usually worn in the evening, whereas the many clergy gathered together on the occasion, and who looked upon him as their teacher, had already adopted a very much more severe style of clothing. It was almost impossible to get an opportunity of conversation with him, for the assemblage was large and so many were seeking for a word from him; but one day at breakfast I sat by him, and we talked on various subjects. I found he would have eaten very little if I had not attended to his wants, putting toast, &c., near him, and once I watched him for a minute or more vainly trying in his absent way to cut a crust with the butter knife which he had inadvertently taken up. I gave him a steel knife, which he took with thanks, but seemed quite unaware of the cause of his want of success with the discarded silver one. He preached one

evening during the octave, and, though so quiet in manner usually, he appeared full of fire and energy when he spoke of the Last Judgment. It was a most solemn, indeed an awful sermon, and I heard it much commented upon afterwards by those who knew him well as being very different from his usual style. At the close of his visit Dr. Pusey was kind enough to write in a little book I had, and though I much regretted circumstances prevented my having much conversation with him, yet the remembrance of the meeting will always be a pleasure.

From the Anglican divine I turn to the Duc de Bordeaux, better known, perhaps, as Comte de Chambord. When this young prince was travelling in England many years ago he came to Liverpool, where my father was asked to put him in the way of seeing the principal objects of interest there. On the day when the Duke was leaving he came to our house to breakfast, accompanied by some of the gentlemen who clung to the fortunes of his family, but, except the Duc Decazes, I forget their names. The young Comte de Chambord could not fail to interest us. Irrespective of his personal appearance and charming manner, we were led to think of the tragic circumstances surrounding his birth, his banishment from his native land, his early years spent with his aunt, that deeply afflicted Duchesse d'Angoulême, whom it seemed impossible to believe had survived the horrors of the Revolution, whose father, mother, brother, and aunt were successively torn from her in the Temple. The Duke and his sister were devoted to her, and we may trust soothed her later years by their affection.

Our breakfast party was a lively one. The Duke spoke English to my mother, but he was not very proficient. However, he knew enough English to be able to express his delight at the objects he had seen, especially the docks and the stationary steam-engine which in those days brought up the trains through the tunnel which ran into the town. Before he left I asked him if he would be so good as to give me his autograph. 'Avec le plus grand plaisir,' he said, and immediately wrote 'Henri,' adding the date and the name of our house. I noticed that all the suite addressed him as 'Sire.' Not having seen any of the Orleanist princes very near at hand I cannot judge whether the young Duc de Bordeaux resembled any of that branch, but he was very fair and small, with striking blue eyes, light moustache, and very little whisker. All of those about him spoke of him as a most amiable

young man, but they seemed to think that he had not enough ambition to disturb France by violently trying for the throne, and we could not help thinking that he was more likely to enjoy his life than if he had been always filled with hopes and ideas which have often proved so fatal and disastrous to those who have indulged them. His character seemed to us to be more fitted for the position of a private gentleman, respected by his retainers, than for that of a ruler of France.

Before my marriage we made the acquaintance of a charming French lady, La Comtesse Mollien, and her husband, and they invited us to join them at their country château, the Château Jeurs. It was quite a picture of 'a French country house,' and I was reminded of many little things about it when I read the story in the CORNHILL called by that name. Mme. Mollien was lady of honour to the ex-queen of the French and was devoted to the family. She was a great artist and had the most valuable album containing pencil sketches of the greatest men in France drawn by her own hand. I enjoyed the visit greatly. The house was simply furnished, but had objects of art here and there. The floors were all of inlaid wood with no carpets; and the bedrooms were fitted up with spotless white dimity, and every article of wood was perfectly polished, not a speck of dust to be found in any one neglected spot. Years after this visit I had the pleasure of meeting the dear old lady again—at Beaumaris, where she was with the Queen and many other members of the Orleans family. I went to call upon her at the hotel, and she received me with great affection and with all her French graciousness. Since we had last met, the Comte Mollien had died, and I had married and my husband was in the Crimea. She asked to see my little boy, who was five months old, and another day I took him to her. After she had duly admired him, she said 'the Queen would like to see him,' and she carried him herself into the next room, which was separated from the one in which I remained by folding doors only, and the remarks all came to me, much to my amusement. 'Oh, mon Dieu, qu'il est beau! quel bel enfant! O qu'il est blond! O quel couleur!'

When Mme. Mollien brought him back she told me 'Her Majesty had kissed him' and had been much interested in him, knowing the anxiety of his mother at the absence of his father in a cause in which France too was engaged.

The beautiful Duchesse de Nemours was then alive, and was with her mother-in-law at this time, as was also the Duchesse de

Montpensier, who had very recently lost a daughter. I spoke of this loss to Mme. Mollien with sympathy, and was struck by her reply, which sounded so French to my English ears: 'Oui, c'est une perte, mais ce n'est pas la seule, ainsi il y en a de quoi se consoler!' The future portioning out of these young exiled daughters of France was perhaps a difficulty, and may have accounted for the apparent coolness with which the condolence on the loss was received.

We often met the party walking or driving, and they always recognised the child by a kind smile. And a few years later we again saw the French Royal Family at Worthing, and once more, for the last time, met Mme. Mollien. She has long since followed her beloved mistress beyond the troubles of this world.

A celebrity of another type was Garibaldi. Many years ago I first saw this great man—for the term great must certainly be applied to him, however much opinion may differ as to the good or evil results of his attempts for the freedom of his country. Of personal bravery he has shown extraordinary proof as well as energy and endurance under numberless hardships and dangers. He cannot be accused of selfishness, for he gained nothing by his efforts, and those that knew him must have seen that he was a most simple-minded man. After the first affair at Rome he turned his thoughts to trading for a livelihood, and for some time sailed between America and Genoa in a small vessel. On his way to the new country, he passed through Liverpool, and a very old Italian friend of ours, a refugee, introduced him to my father, who invited him to our home. I remember the evening he spent with us very distinctly. Two or three of his faithful friends were with him, and there was much conversation about Italy and England; but I was too young and spoke Italian too little to do more than listen. The opinion appeared to be general that for a time the would-be liberators of Italy must wait their opportunity—but this is ancient history now.

A letter written from America to our mutual friend, in which my father's kindness and hospitality were warmly alluded to, was afterwards given to me, and I felt far more interest in subsequent events in Italy from the personal regard and admiration with which this visit, and the kindly remembrance of it which Garibaldi had shown, had inspired me for the great, and yet simple, man. These sentiments were increased when I read of his noble conduct after the overthrow of the kingdom of Naples, when he met the

King of Italy and laid down before his sovereign all that had been gained, seeking nothing, asking nothing, but the king's approval. Pity that he did not rest there; but, as this is only a personal memoir, I shall not enter into political matters, and pass on to my second and last meeting with him. On this occasion Garibaldi was staying with Mr. Seely at Brooke in the Isle of Wight, where 'Mr.' Tennyson, as he then was, went to meet the 'General'—as many people loved to call him. Garibaldi in return promised a visit to Farringford, and Mrs. Tennyson, having heard me mention the pleasure that the former interview at my own home had given me, most kindly said we must come and see him again for old acquaintance sake.

When he drove past our house on his way to Farringford and I saw him, I seemed to remember him at once, though perhaps pictures had partly helped to impress his face upon my mind. But few who had once seen him could forget that fine head and grand open forehead, which age had only rendered finer as it seemed to my mind. He wore a sort of loose white poncho or cloak, and had a rather conspicuous handkerchief hanging round his neck, which so much alarmed our dear little R. that he retreated indoors and could not be induced to emerge until Garibaldi was far away. When we walked up to Farringford, we found that the great men were having a quiet smoke in Mr. Tennyson's study, where we joined them and sat a short time. Mr. Tennyson mentioned my former name, and when I spoke of the pleasure it gave me to see Garibaldi again, the recollection of the circumstances soon returned to his mind, and he asked many questions about events that had happened since that time, alluding especially to my father's kindness to him. After speaking to my husband and making some general remarks we all went downstairs and out upon the lawn, where Mr. Tennyson asked him to plant a *Wellingtonia*. He handled the spade as if he had been a labourer all his life, and remarked, 'I can manage *this*.' Sir Henry Taylor, Mrs. Cameron and her beautiful niece were the only friends present besides ourselves, and when I read of the London receptions I was thankful that our enjoyment of Garibaldi had been so perfectly quiet and free from crowds and excitement, knowing how greatly he disliked all show and publicity. It is not often that one sees three such fine heads together as those of Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor and Garibaldi, and that day will never be forgotten by us. I was delighted that C. was so much

struck by Garibaldi, and that his enthusiasm was as spontaneous as mine had been years ago at my last meeting. On this occasion I had, indeed, tried to keep enthusiasm down, fancying that the memory of the former meeting was tinged with youthful romance; but it was a new pleasure to permit it to rise again and to join with that of my husband in mature age.

To the present generation the name of Charles Babbage is perhaps unknown, but he will long figure in biographical dictionaries and rank among the celebrities of a past generation. He was an occasional guest at the house of Sir F. Pollock, where I met so many of the persons I have sketched in these pages. He was very precise in his way of speaking, and showed little animation; but he was pleasant, and generally had something to speak of which interested my friend, of whom he was very fond; and, mingling so little as he did in the world, his ideas had originality and always gave one something fresh to dwell upon. His calculating machine was a remarkable evidence of his industry and perseverance. I fancy he was rather bitter from disappointment that the delight and apple of his eye had not made more sensation in the scientific world. With his desire for quiet and retirement, I always pitied his periodical appearances at the police court, made to get rid of those terrible annoyances, the street organs, which I could quite fancy to a mind painfully sensitive as his was must have been nothing less than torture. I believe this torture was oftener inflicted upon him than upon others in the hope of a bribe to retire out of his hearing. He lived and died alone, and his machine is now never mentioned; but perhaps in years to come it may be brought to light and made use of under a new name, in a new form.

Of celebrities whom I have seen I may mention two—Baron Humboldt and Professor Faraday. Humboldt I saw one day with the late King of Prussia, slowly walking in the garden of one of the palaces at Potsdam. I only knew then that the feeble bent old man was great in mind and had been all over the world; but the recollection of the passing look and appearance has never faded away in the least. Years which have taught me how wonderful was that mind, how unceasing the toil after fresh knowledge, have only imprinted more clearly the outline of the figure and the amiable expression of the features. Professor Faraday I saw and heard once, and anyone who ever had the privilege of attending one of his lectures will understand how difficult it is to describe

that peculiar fascination which he possessed and its power of riveting the attention even if the subject were too deep a one for a young mind fully to enter into. I only felt that I should never tire of listening to him, and then to watch his hands taking up and putting together the subjects for the experiments, the neatness and clearness of movement, and the certainty one had that all would take place exactly as he had presupposed, was engrossing. As a lecturer I imagine he was quite unequalled, and his discoveries in science must for ever make his name revered. But his life has been well drawn for us, and in reading it I was able to enter into the feelings of his admirers with more sympathy from having seen him in life. His face was full of brightness, set off perhaps by his very white hair, and the expression was one of kindness and benevolence. His manner was gentle and impressive, and his voice very clear. The Prince Consort was in the chair, and Faraday had no warmer admirer than the Prince. It was pleasant to see the cordial and friendly manner with which each regarded the other; the Prince recognising the wonderful power and industry of the man of science, and Faraday respecting not the rank only of the president, but the intelligent fine mind of the younger inquirer after knowledge, desirous of attaining information which the veteran had fathomed; the one white-headed, the other hardly arrived at the prime of life, but both have now passed beyond all bounds of science.

During a happy residence at Freshwater many years ago, it was our privilege to be admitted into the home circle at Farringford. Our acquaintance with its gifted owners began on March 10, 1863, the wedding day of the Prince and Princess of Wales. My husband, being then in command of the Royal Artillery in the Isle of Wight, had charge of the stores, &c., and a message came from Mr. Tennyson asking for the loan of flags for decoration. This was accompanied by an invitation to go up to Farringford at six o'clock to a sort of high tea. I recollect on this occasion there were copies of 'The Welcome' to the Princess lying about, and before we left he said, 'Do you care for that?' I said, 'Oh, yes,' very gratefully, and those who know how seldom he wrote anything will understand how much I prize my copy of it with my name in full—he especially insisted on the Christian name—'from A. T.' in his own handwriting. After tea we went up to the Beacon on the Downs to see the bonfire which he had himself superintended. He led the way, a striking figure with his

cloak flying in the wind. On my saying, 'Good-bye, Mr. Tennyson,' he replied, 'Why do you say good-bye?' 'Because we are going away,' I said. 'Oh, I thought you had only just come,' meaning to the Isle of Wight. I explained my meaning, and then he said, 'I always say "Good day" myself, unless I am going away altogether.' When I knew him better, I saw how careful he was to choose the most suitable word on every occasion, and I, too, tried in future to consider, before using any expression, if it was the most applicable one I could find.

Leading the secluded life which they did, I must always attribute our introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson to that memorable 10th of March. But for it we might not have had the opportunity of getting into the charmed circle for months, if ever. During all our subsequent residence at Freshwater we were constantly invited to Farringford, where, besides the happy family party, we had the privilege of meeting many interesting people. With his intimate friends the poet would discourse on many subjects, and sometimes he would read aloud. I never heard him read any of his own poems, but he once read to us some of his brother's sonnets. It was a treat to listen to his voice, sometimes touching from pathos, sometimes full of power and vehemence. Those were evenings never to be forgotten! It was the custom, as many have remembered who had the privilege to enjoy these evenings, to leave the dining-room when dinner was over and adjourn to the drawing-room, where the dessert and wine were set out. After dessert the poet went to his study to smoke, inviting one or two gentlemen to accompany him. My husband always retained the proud remembrance that he had been the companion of Tennyson and Longfellow in that study.

We sometimes induced Mr. Tennyson to join us in a walk, and he would say, before consenting, 'Where are you going? I won't go to the market place'—meaning the tiny little bay where a few idlers congregated! His taste was for the fields and downs, and (not a romantic association!) I never now smell the smell of a turnip field without thinking of these never-to-be-forgotten rambles. Although so very short-sighted he noticed flowers in the hedges which others passed by, and would sometimes stop and say, 'What is that note?' and then name the bird from which it came. And I never felt afraid of asking a question, for he was always ready to impart knowledge if he saw you were interested. He was indeed wonderfully observant of nature, as his poems show,

and would bring out quite naturally, and as it were by the way, beauties which he saw in our walks and which others less observant would otherwise have passed by. His cloak and hat have been often described and were well known apparently, for no sooner did strangers catch sight of them in the distance on the Downs than they would make for them, and this publicity was so unpleasant to him that we all had to fly in the opposite direction to the intruders!

I remember him one day talking of a poem he meant to write on a nightingale, which poem, however, never came to anything. A mutual friend often reminded him of it, and one day in particular I recollect her saying, 'Now, Alfred, how about that nightingale?' 'Oh, it's dead long ago!' he said with amused petulance.

After we left Freshwater we only saw the poet once, in London, where he had taken a house for a short time. He and Mrs. Tennyson received us as kindly as ever. I had letters from Mrs. Tennyson occasionally which will ever be valued, but of late the present Lord Tennyson answered my letters, his mother being too feeble to write.

Farringford and Freshwater will ever remain among the happiest memories of my life.

L. F.

IN YEARS OF STORM AND STRESS.

(1848-49.)

III.

AS PRISONER OF WAR—IN DANGER OF ASSASSINATION—BEFORE
THE COURT MARTIAL.

UNDER great hardships we crossed the high mountains after the battle of Staufen. Our intention was to return to Lörrach, our first headquarters, there to reorganise the levies. There were about ten of us: Gustav von Struve; his wife, who had courageously insisted on following her husband in this campaign, although she had at first been earnestly remonstrated with by him not to risk such dangers; his brother-in-law, Dusat; I; Peters, an engineer; and a few companions. On first coming out into the open mountain-path, at the back of Staufen, the guide asked us to stoop down in walking, so as to escape the observation of the troops who had stormed the town. I confess I could not bring myself to do this. In fact, no pursuit was made by the enemy,

The rain pouring down in torrents, Struve and his wife entered a cottage, where they rested for a while, and put on peasant's clothes. These were readily given them, the mass of the population of the Black Forest country being on our side. It was alleged afterwards that Struve had changed his garments for the purpose of disguise. The best proof of the falseness of this assertion is the fact of both himself and his beautiful and refined wife, whom nobody could mistake for a peasant woman, having taken their own wet clothes in a bag with them, when resuming their journey.

Whilst these two took their necessary rest, I and Dusat, not minding, as younger men, our being soaked through and through, went on, according to agreement with Struve, in a car to Todtnau, the headquarters of Doll and Mögling. The latter, a well-known patriotic member of the Würtemberg House of Deputies, had hastened to take part in our rising, even as he had done in the previous one, in April 1848. He and his men had, however, not been in action this time. At Todtnau, Struve rejoined us for con-

sultation with Mögling. Here we had the first experience of an attempted mutiny by some men—a not unusual occurrence in civil war after a reverse. The report of the issue of the engagement at Staufen had emboldened the Royalist manufacturer's party at Schopfheim. An endeavour to waylay us was, however, easily quelled, and we went on in a carriage.

Owing to the state of things in the manufacturer's town, we left the carriage at Zell, and went on foot, with a guide, over the mountains, where we still found here and there, at the end of September, patches of snow frozen into ice. It was a march of several hours, apparently in a strange zigzag course. Struve's young wife suffered a great deal from this fatiguing ascent.

At a mountain brook we had to cross, a difficulty arose as to how to get her over. With boots and socks taken off, so as to keep them dry for the further march, a man could ford the brook; but it had to be done very carefully, in order not to wound the feet among the sharp stones at the bottom. This, however, could scarcely be expected from a delicate lady. I deeply felt for her sufferings in thinking of the time when, in her cosy home at Mannheim, she was playing the guitar and singing of an evening, whilst here she was in this pitiful plight. Struve, who was very much older than his wife, had not sufficient strength to carry her over. Nor had, apparently, even her own young brother. So I offered myself. Having this charge upon my arms—light though I felt it to be—I had to ensure a firm footing on the uncertain pebbly bottom of the water. I, therefore, was forced to keep my boots on. These having become thoroughly wet and afterwards hardened, I suffered much when continuing the march in wet clothes and boots; a condition apt to create a feverish sensation.

For many weary hours we were thus led about. At last we came near the village of Wehr, in which the guide said he had many friends. Not far from the village, a pass was held by a picket of peasant militia. Its captain, at first mistaking us for possible enemies, declared he had to arrest us, but left us free to go on as soon as we had given our names and stated our object of intending to reorganise levies. Arrived in Wehr, we made a halt at an inn. There we took a little refreshment and ordered conveyances, but presently found that the guide had falsely offered his services and betrayed us into the hands of foes!

Still, we found the peasants at first somewhat divided. For a time, whilst a howling mob outside was at loggerheads with well-

wishers of our rising, we tried to gain over the Civic Guards that were suddenly placed before our door. Some of the men were undoubtedly, at heart, with us; but most of them feared Royalist revenge if they let us escape. During several hours we were thus in uncertainty about our imminent fate. Struve was without arms. On our arrival at the inn I had laid my pistols on a table, not suspecting foul play, and they were surreptitiously taken away behind my back. It is true, they were both soaked and even unloaded.

Meanwhile, the village mayor exercised his influence for our capture. A Grandducal official, who had been sent for post-haste, did the same. Amidst the hubbub of an excited crowd outside, which hung about the windows, some of them with a wolfish glare, I proposed in an undertone to one of the National Guards—a young peasant fellow who seemed to me well-disposed—that he should allow me to snatch his gun suddenly as if he were taken unawares. I then would rush out, armed, with a call for a rally of friends. The man nodded consent. Duser drew a knife, ready also for a rush. But at the decisive moment the Guard refused, and we were overpowered.

After we had been made prisoners, the Government official from Säckingen, Amts-Revisor Schey, pointed his loaded and cocked gun against Struve, but was withheld by others. We were then transported to Schopfheim amidst alternating manifestations of mortal hostility and of sympathy—as is the case in such troublous times. Some of the very gendarmes showed us the Democratic insignia they had received and worn but a day before, and which they still kept, in case things should again turn out differently! Other militia men excused themselves for the repugnant service to which they said they were put against their will, by pleading their inability to resist.

A rescue once seemed so probable that I took Struve aside towards a window to consult with him as to what we might do when we were free again. The Guards did not object to our whispered conversation. But the report, always craftily spread about, though false, that the regular troops were close at hand, kept the secret friends and the waverers among the Civic Guards on the triumphant side.

Yesterday we had been at the head of a Provisional Government, and our orders were strictly obeyed; many thousands of

armed men enthusiastically following us. Now we were put in heavy iron chains, more fit for use on board ship than for prisoners of war.

The chain for each of us was fixed from the wrist of the right hand to the ankle of the left leg. Walking—and we were occasionally made to walk a good deal—became extremely difficult and painful with this dragging load. Eating, sleeping, and the satisfaction of natural wants were even more difficult. Under no circumstances were the irons taken off, day and night. In this state we were transported, partly in carriages or by rail, partly on foot, through the length of the country. Struve's wife alone was not manacled, though she had actually asked for it when she saw her husband and us put in chains. At last we were handed over to the regular troops.

Whenever a rescue seemed possible—small divisions of our men under Neff and Wolfinger still hovering in the neighbourhood—we were each time told by the officer that the order was to '*shoot us at once* if the attempt were made.' This pleasant announcement we had to go through for many days. The Damokles sword was continually kept over our heads on a thread. At Bingen some furious reactionaries pointed their guns at us, threatening to take our lives. The saintly clergyman of that place, who had always indoctrinated his flock with hatred of our ideas, nevertheless ran now along the carriage in which Struve, his old schoolfellow, sat. The worthy man tried to draw attention to himself in an apparently friendly way. Perhaps he was not sure yet what the end might be.

At Schliengen, Lieutenant Müller declared to us 'he had the order to take us to Müllheim and to *have us all massacred* (*niedermachen*) if we did not keep perfectly quiet, or if an attempt were made from outside to free us.' There were then two other men as prisoners with us—a student, Karl Bauer, and Trautmann—who had only casually joined us, but who were also in chains. Struve observed to the Lieutenant that these men should, at any rate, be spared in such a case. The officer simply repeated his massacring order.

In an omnibus, where soldiers with loaded guns and gendarmes with drawn cutlasses sat opposite to us, we were brought to Müllheim. It was a cold starlit night. Not having warmer clothing with us, we all suffered exceedingly from the cold, as

Amalie Struve has described in memoirs of her own.¹ Several times the commanding officer had the omnibus stopped, when he descended and sent soldiers in front as scouts to see whether the road was clear. In such cases, the cutlasses were held towards our chests.

I cannot say that, with all these terrors around us, I felt disheartened for a single moment. Having run our risk in warfare, and fallen into the hands of a relentless foe, I took it for granted that death would probably be our doom, and I looked that issue calmly in the face.

During a night, when lying on a mattress on the ground, I suddenly felt the lock of my chain give way. Might I not, I thought, make use of this circumstance for an escape in the confusion which sometimes arose during our transport? Could I not try to tuck the chain into my trousers from below, and then, assuming an unconcerned mien, as if I were a spectator, seek some hiding-place?

Again, as on a previous occasion in Rhenish Bavaria, I felt unable to leave my fellow-prisoners. It was seen at last that the lock was open, and so I was bound in fresh and even heavier irons.

Once, as we were led into a station, a soldier brutally gave Struve's wife a push with the butt-end of his gun. I at once dealt the man a counter-push with my chained hand, reproving him for his shameful deed. He glowered at me, but said nothing, and kept quiet. The non-commissioned officer, evidently disgusted with the private, did not interfere.

Amalie Struve was a woman of uncommon beauty and graceful form; rather of a southern type; with dark eyes full of fire; yet with a tinge of soft pensive dreaminess; and with profuse glossy dark-brown ringlets, hanging down to her shoulders. She was the daughter of an immigrant Frenchman and of a German mother. In comparison with her husband, who, although only forty-three, looked much older with his grizzled beard and premature baldness, she was very young. Both she and her brother, who was of a fairer, Teutonic aspect, were born in our country, and as patriotic as the most ardent German could be. The braveness with which she bore herself may be seen from a letter which she—alone of us all—was allowed to write and to send to her parents.

'To-day,' she wrote, 'we three, together with Karl Blind, were

¹ *Erinnerungen aus den badiſchen Freiheitskämpfen.* Von Amalie Struve. Den deutschen Frauen gewidmet. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. 1850.

arrested, and have just been transported to Schoprhoim. Do not mourn for us; I and Gustav expect from you that you will show calmness and fortitude. You cannot wish to afflict us by giving way to grief. Our conscience is pure; and my husband has aspired at nothing but what is noble and lofty. Remain calm, even as we are!'

On one occasion, the sergeant of the troops that escorted us exhibited a most savage temper. We had been placed in the garden of an inn, whilst a reconnaissance was being made against suspected would-be rescuers. There some talk about the killing order once more struck our ears. Having had no sleep during the campaign for several days—except an occasional doze of a quarter of an hour or so—I scarcely minded these bloodthirsty threats. I felt so dead-tired that I calmly leant forward, with head and arms on the deal-board table, where I sat on a bench, and began to slumber. Every now and then the weight of the heavy chain, dragging down the arm, awakened me. The sergeant had ordered his men around us to load their guns. Even the ramming-in of the charges and the man's horrible talk had, however, no effect upon me, so overpowering was the yearning for sleep. At which callousness he broke forth into furious cries, whilst I, at that moment, being fatigued to the utmost, would not have minded if my head had been chopped clean off.

It was so far fortunate that our partisans in the neighbourhood did not feel able to attempt a rescue, or our lives would not have been worth a few minutes' purchase.

At Müllheim we were put, six of us, in a little room of the Town Hall, with two soldiers in it. A short time before, our own headquarters had been there. Next to this room, only divided by folding doors, there was a large hall, in which a great many soldiers kept the main guard. At night, nothing but two mattresses were put on the ground for us six. We had to lie down in our clothes and irons. Considering the small width of the room and of the mattresses, Struve, his wife, and I had to lie down on the floor together in that order. The others slept sideways on the bare deal benches. Our military jailers did not show the slightest regard for common decency. There were neither pillows, nor blankets, nor a fire. We crumpled up our felt hats to make a kind of head-rest for Struve, as the oldest of us.

From early morning we were the butt of insults. The troops had been excited by lying statements about us. Some soldiers in

the next large room pushed in a portion of the folding door with the butt-end of their guns, and peeped in, with ribald remarks. Thus we were kept for three days in utter uncertainty as to what might be done to us. It did not prevent us from engaging in quiet friendly talk.

Was it possible that recently we had been masters of this very town, amidst jubilant demonstrations? Now we heard renewed threats of assassination. An officer rushed in excitedly, calling out in a pathetic tone—

‘There is a plot for murdering you! But they will only be able to do so over my corpse!’

All this we bore with full composure.

I suppose it was through the kindness of that officer we received a chess-board to beguile the time in the absence of any occupation. This was truly felt as a relief. Struve, in spite of his usual firmness, seemed to me weighed down by the thought of his wife’s sufferings. In order to cheer him up, I drew a humorous comparison between our plight and the trials of the Apostle Paul. As I had already gone through more experiences of this nature than my much older friend, I was able to apply Biblical language to our case, and he then really laughed in the midst of all kinds of perils immediately threatening our lives.

On the fourth day Struve was suddenly called before the court-martial. He did not come back for two hours. The worst seemed to have happened.

‘I was,’ Amalie Struve writes, ‘in the most painful uncertainty in the meanwhile as to my husband’s fate. Karl Blind and my brother played chess together, as if they wished to deceive me in regard to the danger that hung over his head. But I knew well that his life was at stake.’

The law concerning high treason, on which we were to be judged, prescribed for ordinary cases, in times of peace, that the penalty of death should be applied to the leaders. The sentence was to be carried out in public by beheading with the sword; the condemned sitting tied to a chair erected on a scaffold, with his eyes bandaged. Before he met his fate there, the warrant of death was to be read to him on the scaffold, and the staff to be broken over his head. Then the blow, or a number of blows, were to be struck with the glaive; for often the executioner bungled in his endeavour to chop off the head by a horizontal stroke.

Anyone condemned to death for high treason in a time of insurrection, under a proclamation of martial law, was to be shot within three hours of the sentence being delivered by the Court. The latter was our case.

Dusar was an indifferent player of chess. 'Check to the king!' I had soon to say. It sounded very curious under the circumstances, whilst our lives trembled in the balance.

At last I was also called before the court-martial. The procedure was this time a short one. After a few formalities, I was asked why I had taken part in leading this insurrection.

'To establish the German Commonwealth,' I answered; 'and all the facts which you know speak clearly for themselves.'

After a few more questions and replies of the same kind, by which I quietly acknowledged the part I had taken in the rising, I was led back.

This court-martial was composed one-half of officers from Baden and Hesse, and one half, according to the then existing law, of civil judges. Owing to the spread of the rising, the proclamation of martial law against us could not be made public by the Grandducal authorities in the district where we had held power before the battle of Staufen took place. And as we were made prisoners before such proclamation could be known in the district, the ordinance had, legally, no retrospective force.

This was felt by the Court at Karlsruhe as well as at Frankfort, the seat of the Regent of the Empire, Archduke Johann of Austria. An attempt was therefore made in hot haste to influence the decision of the court-martial by despatching Count Keller as Imperial commissioner to Müllheim. I have under my eyes his printed reports, written before and after the procedures of the court-martial. From these reports it is seen how he tried to induce the civil judges to vote for a sentence of death. Of the military judges he was, of course, sure.

Count Keller asserted that 'the troops and the population would get into a state of the utmost excitement if the penalty of death were not pronounced.' Yet he had to acknowledge afterwards that no demonstrations in that sense were made, when the Court declared its incompetency. It is true, soldiers, egged on by false statements about the 'brigands,' now and then seemed ready to commit an act of violence against us. Yet only a little more than seven months later the Grandducal army itself rose against the Government and the dynasty. The whole Royal house

had then to fly, in the dead of night, from the capital, through the Haardt Forest, the half-witted Crown Prince sitting on a gun-carriage. Thus they sought safety out of the country. A new popular Government thereupon assumed the reins of power, and I became connected with it, first, as head of its Chancellerie, and then as a member of the embassy of Baden and Rhenish Bavaria at Paris.

Such are the ups and downs in times of Revolution.

At the court-martial, which was held in a dingy little room, with a small deal table before the judges, Count Keller had attended in person for the purpose of exercising pressure by his presence. The civil judges, however, refused bending the law. Their names are: von Bodmann, Councillor of the High Court of Justice; Lugo and Betzinger, members of the Court of Justice of the Upper Rhine Department. If a single one of these judges had yielded, we should have been shot.¹

I have seen it stated that the graves had already been dug for us. Of this, however, I cannot say anything with certainty.

The court-martial declared us to be prisoners of war, asserting at the same time its own incompetency to deal with our case, thus handing us over, apparently, to a civil court for ultimate judgment. Yet, as will presently be seen, a fresh attempt was made by the Central Government at Frankfort to bring us before an exceptionally composed military court, whose task would literally be, 'not to mind formalities,' but to 'render these disturbers of peace *innocuous*, so as to deter their partisans from further invasions.' That meant drum-head law even in an outrageously arbitrary form, with the bullets and the sandheap as a certainty.

Now we were transported in irons to Freiburg. There Struve's wife was put into a narrow, dirty cell, henceforth separated from her husband. We men were brought to the fortress of Rastatt, notorious in history for the mysterious murder of French envoys at the end of last century. At first we were lodged together in an unfurnished dark underground casemate; always in chains, day and night. There was a wooden, slanting plank, with a little straw on it, and one exceedingly thin and much-worn blanket for each two of us. Thus we had to sleep in our clothes.

¹ The names of the Hessian and Baden officers were: Diemar, Lichtenauer, and Ruppert, captains of an infantry regiment, of an artillery brigade, and of a Grandducal bodyguard regiment.

The first soup we got in the evening, and nothing more—after not having had anything to eat during the whole day—was looked at with much suspicion by Struve. He was a vegetarian, also addicted to Hindu lore, and had often written on the subject of abstinence from animal food. In spite of his hunger he would not eat, because in the darkness of that subterranean dungeon he thought he saw eyes of fat swimming on the top of the soup! I felt great pity with him. 'How can you think,' I said, 'that they would give us meat soup, after all they have inflicted upon us?'

Chaffing him on the contrast between his vegetarian doctrines and what his adversaries alleged to be his terroristic intentions in regard to princes, to which he also replied in good-humoured pleasantry, I induced him to eat, though I felt no doubt as to the quality of the soup.

Next day we were put into a casemate above ground, but with a similar wooden plank. No beds, no chair, no table; nor any appliances for washing. In a small recess outside, other necessary arrangements were so disgusting that the stench became sickening beyond description.

Then an order came for separating us. I was led into a dark underground casemate, where the unfinished wall, dividing it from another compartment, showed many gaps, just as if a bombardment had taken place. The door did not reach up to the top of the embrasure; there being an open space there of about half a foot to let in air. But what air! The uneven floor was mere loam. A damp odour arose as from a grave. A stone pitcher served both for drinking and washing by means of a tiny towel. Neither a basin nor a brush or comb was given.

In this dark cave I was now alone. At night, sleep was continually broken by the dragging of the chain with which a hand and a foot in opposite directions were manacled, and on which, with clothes on, I had to lie down on the bundle of straw over the hard deal board. Rats, careering about, made an awakening noise, of the nature of which, when still half asleep, I could not always give myself at once a proper account. It was a most unearthly as well as earthy confinement. Three times a day—if day is the right word—some coarse food was handed in by a soldier. Otherwise no one appeared.

It was a refinement of barbarism that, late at night, I was fetched up by a soldier with a stable lantern from this gruesome

hole, with my hair and beard full of straws, to undergo an inquiry by a judge. The lantern, with its faint flicker of candle-light, was placed on a small table. This nocturnal procedure was clearly meant as an infliction of a new terror. My answers, however, were enough to satisfy the judge at once that this attempt would scarcely succeed with me.

After a while, I and Struve were transported from the fortress of Rastatt to the Cellular Prison at Bruchsal—quite a modern building. We were marched, this time—still in chains—into the town by Prussian troops, with a major at their head. The country was full of troops from Würtemberg, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Electoral Hesse, so great were the fears of Government. When we reached the prison-gate, the major, a short, stout, apoplectic man, with a heavy red moustache and a brutal face, sneeringly cried out in a rasping voice: ‘Now we are going into a hotel, the doors of which will open wide, and then be shut, never to be opened again for you!’

There, at last, the chains were struck off. The key of the lock had been lost. So a blacksmith had to be fetched. He hammered away at the lock to break it—an operation which took a good while, and gave not a little pain. I bore it silently. For many weeks afterwards I suffered from a sore on the ankle, which had been caused by the rubbing of the irons during so many days and nights.

When the Cellular or Pennsylvanian system of imprisonment was first proposed in Baden, I happened to listen to the debates in the House of Deputies on that subject. It seemed to me, then, a most cruelly inhuman treatment even for the worst common criminals; and I wrote strongly against it. Now I got a personal experience of it for having fought in the cause of German Freedom and Unity, and of the elevation of the suffering masses to a better and nobler condition of life.

The cell I was in at Bruchsal was but a few feet long and broad. Everything, certainly, quite clean. A strip of dimmed glass at the top of the room formed the window, so as to shut out the light of heaven. The small mattress bed, in which one could not turn, was screwed up against the wall during daytime, from six o'clock in the morning. On the opposite wall there was fixed a narrow board serving as a table, with a bench for a seat. This seat, immovable like the board, was so placed that the prisoner had to face the door when occupied in any way at the table.

No chair. No possibility of lying down during the day. No means of walking up and down in this cramped room, except at the risk of giddiness through incessant turning. In the door, through a sliding peep-window which could be opened only from the outside, the food was shoved in. Any moment the captive could thus be inspected. On the corridor there was matting, ensuring death-like silence. The footsteps of the warders gliding over it could not be heard. No sound whatever penetrated the horrid stillness.

A demon, not a human being, seemed to have invented this system.

Out of that little cell I was again not allowed for a single moment to go as long as I was at Bruchsal. No exercise whatever. No book; no occupation of any kind. My sense of hearing had always been uncommonly keen, as it is still, even now. I felt the absence of all sound so painfully, that during sleepless nights, or when I was lying half awake, the ear, craving for some sound, became subject to a kind of hallucination. In some nights, between waking and sleep, it was as if I heard voices of men being strangled. Probably the foul air created in the narrow cell oppressed the brain, and gave rise to disturbing fancies. In vain did I reason myself out of these nocturnal horrors during the day. Night after night they came back. In the underground but spacious casemate of Rastatt, with its holes in the wall on one side, its draughty door not quite covering the upper part of the embrasure, and the nightly careering of rats, I had not had any such ghastly sensation.

Again, whilst at Bruchsal, I could scarcely take any food. 'You will die, if you do not eat!' Matt, the turnkey, kindly whispered, one day, through the peep-window.

But I could not. The coarse dishes I got were quite unsalted, as if cunningly made to be indigestible and to bring about the ruin of health. It was a perfect torture. Though I had not undergone a judicial trial yet, I was, contrary to custom, not allowed anything that could have been bought, by way of relief from this torture, with my own money, which had been taken away when we were made prisoners.

I had resolved upon bearing everything without a word of complaint. My sufferings, however, became so intense, that at last I asked for a little salt and a few grapes, after Matt himself had said that I would die if I did not eat. But in spite of all his

sympathy, he, being himself watched by fellow-warders, did not dare to bring even a pinch of salt. My request, he said, was refused by the prison authorities.

Once, during daytime, the peep-window went up, and a Prussian officer looked in, making some sneering remark. I turned my back to him, and he went growling away.

One night the door of the cell was stealthily opened. I then lay awake, as was so often the case, though with eyes shut. A warder stepped in with a lantern, which he suddenly held towards my face. The flash of light was to scare me. Behind him there came another figure, with a hideous leer on his face.

I scarcely trusted my eyes at this latter sight. I looked closely at the man. Yes, it was he—Massa, the spy, who in February had betrayed us into prison at Karlsruhe, at the very beginning of the Revolution. . . .

He only glanced at me for a few minutes with a Satanic expression, and then glided silently away with the warder.

This nocturnal apparition, theatrically arranged, was manifestly intended to unhinge the mind of a captive who was kept like a wild beast in a cage, without bodily exercise, and without any intellectual occupation.

So the horrible days and nights passed.

At last, Struve and I were re-transported to the fortress of Rastatt. We were under military escort again, as prisoners of war; Government being evidently afraid of attempts at a rescue. On arriving within this stronghold, General von Hinckeldey, a noted reactionist, placed us in strange manner near a wall. He drew up his men as if the command of 'Fire!' were to be given. A drum was beaten, and something read out by a non-commissioned officer. The purport of it we could not catch, except that our names were mentioned. It looked like a preparatory step for an execution.

Then, suddenly, we were ordered to be taken away, and led, each of us, into a separate cell. This time it was a casemate above ground. Was it to be our last short resting-place?

I had looked death repeatedly in the face before without flinching, I may truly say. I had done so in battle and at the court-martial at Müllheim, when I had no idea that, owing to its composition and the then prevailing law, the court would declare itself incompetent. All through I had been sure that if I had to undergo a public execution, those assembled would

not miss an example of civic fortitude. The prospect of being slaughtered behind the wall of a fortress, with no witnesses who could, in case of need, refute a calumny as to my bearing, was, however, a harassing thought to me.

I paced up and down the cell in much mental trouble at such a possibility. All at once, remembering former prison experiences, the thought struck me to look at the marking of the blankets of the bed. I found that they bore the initials of the Cellular Prison from which we came. With the quickness of lightning I came to this conclusion: 'If it has been held worth while to bring those things all the way from Bruchsal, it clearly shows that we are to stay here for some time. Provision for State prisoners being wanting at Rastatt, the blankets had evidently to be sent from Bruchsal.'

This reasoning forthwith relieved my mind. I now expected a State trial in public, before a jury. The penalty of death—beheading by the sword—might then be the result. But before that end were reached, I would give a proper account of our own doings and of the misdeeds of monarchs who had robbed the nation of its rights in times past, who had perpetuated the social misery of the popular classes, and who were bent now upon undoing all that the great movement of 1848 had begun to achieve.

General von Hinckeldey had clearly taken a fiendish pleasure in trying to make us think that we would be shot forthwith. In the following year (1849) when the Grandducal dynasty was overthrown by the army and the people, because it would not acknowledge the Constitution enacted by the German Parliament at Frankfort, Hinckeldey and a number of his officers were made prisoners and brought before me late at night in the Town Hall. The undignified cowardice this warrior then showed by his fawning conduct towards me will be described hereafter. Meanwhile, I may say that even the mock court-martial comedy he played upon us in October 1848, had, though unknown to us, rather a dark and serious background.

KARL BLIND.

sympathy, he, being himself watched by fellow-warders, did not dare to bring even a pinch of salt. My request, he said, was refused by the prison authorities.

Once, during daytime, the peep-window went up, and a Prussian officer looked in, making some sneering remark. I turned my back to him, and he went growling away.

One night the door of the cell was stealthily opened. I then lay awake, as was so often the case, though with eyes shut. A warder stepped in with a lantern, which he suddenly held towards my face. The flash of light was to scare me. Behind him there came another figure, with a hideous leer on his face.

I scarcely trusted my eyes at this latter sight. I looked closely at the man. Yes, it was he—Massa, the spy, who in February had betrayed us into prison at Karlsruhe, at the very beginning of the Revolution. . . .

He only glanced at me for a few minutes with a Satanic expression, and then glided silently away with the warder.

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KARL BLIND.

TRAVELS IN CHINA.

BY MRS. HENRY CLARENCE PAGET.

'The steamer for Tientsin sails at daybreak to-morrow morning,' was the information we received as we landed at Shanghai from the *Empress of India*, which had brought us over from Japan. I confess to having had a great longing for one peaceful night on shore, before embarking on another voyage, for I am one of those travellers who considers the smallest and worst-furnished bedroom preferable to the mockery of any ship's state-room. However, we had a pleasant day in Shanghai, lunched and dined with some friends, and spent the afternoon at a sale of Mongolian ponies, large droves of which had arrived from the north. It seemed impossible to believe that the wild rough-coated animals could turn out racing ponies, with beautiful clean slender legs, such as I afterwards saw in my friend's racing stable.

Early in the evening we were tucked up in rickshas and run down to the harbour, where we groped our way on to the little steamer (one of the Indo-China line) which was to carry us to Tientsin.

The *E'sang* was a cargo boat of a few hundred tons, and possessed two of the tiniest little deck cabins, mine barely accommodating myself and Gladstone bag. The fat Chinese steward managed to jump in and out without any difficulty, for, like all Easterns, he could squeeze himself into a space where no European could get. With his face wreathed in fat smiles, he ran off in the most voluble manner, in pigeon English, a long list of all the good things we could have on board; but, somehow or other, some remarks made at dinner about the behaviour of the Yellow Sea had strangely caused me to lose all interest in the ship's menu.

I awoke the next morning to find that we were slipping down the Yangtse, passing ships from all parts of the world, and huge Chinese junks with eyes painted on the bows. On leaving the river we began with a choppy sea, then we took to pitching violently, and after that the *E'sang* went through a variety performance, which included standing on her beam ends, a feat most trying to the human brain and to the cargo. The only thing that did not upset was the fat Chinese steward. When-

ever anything more than usually astounding took place, he bounced in to reassure me; and when the ceiling and floor changed places, he was always the right end up and always smiling. The gale reached such a height as we approached the Shantung promontory, that the captain deemed it advisable to put back, and we rolled about in a little bay for ten hours.

Five days after we left Shanghai we came in sight of the Taku forts, and soon we were landed in a small boat in the mud banks of Tong-Ku, which stands at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and is the starting-point of the railway to Tientsin, a distance of twenty-seven miles.

The train was crowded with burly Chinese, all of whom were carrying parcels of dried fish which smelt abominably, and it was a relief when the guard shut us into a little compartment where there was just room for two.

The hustling and jostling of the yelling crowd at Tientsin station was not very pleasant, and we were glad to escape into rickshas and be raced off to the hotel. What a rate those ricksha men did go! We were rushed through crowded streets, whisked around corners, and bumped over pavement, and finally landed at the hotel, the men looking as cool as if they had only been for a little stroll. The landlord met us with the pleasing intelligence that there were no rooms to be had, as the races were on; but some kind friends put us up and we went to the Tientsin Ascot, though not *en grande toilette*.

The railway to Peking not being opened, we engaged a houseboat and a boy and started the next morning on our journey to Peking, where we were to be the guests of Sir Robert Hart.

We had not much time to lose, as it was late in the year, and the river and port were expected to freeze shortly. The accommodation on that boat was most limited; but the boy was a perfect treasure: he cooked us most excellent food in a little hole of a kitchen, so small and low that he could only kneel, and he was an excellent valet besides.

Threading our way through craft of every description and passing through a pontoon bridge of boats, we slowly slid out of Tientsin. Sometimes sailing, but more often towing, up the Pei-ho we went, past villages swarming with children and pigs, where the houses, built of a mixture of mud and millet stalks, were sunk below the level of the river, which must cause them

to suffer from inundations; past burial grounds with their strange shaped mounds; then for miles nothing broke the line of the vast yellow plain of mud which lies between Peking and the sea.

The crops, which consist chiefly of wheat and millet, were all gathered, the frost had begun, and the men were idling about on the banks near the villages shouting snatches of gossip to the different occupants of the boats as they passed. There is no pastureland in China, so no cattle or sheep are to be seen, and the pig reigns supreme in every community; as he gains his own livelihood by rooting amongst garbage, pork in China is a delicacy one would prefer to do without, though I was informed by an English official of high degree that he considered Chinese pork the best in the world, which made me feel that I was hopelessly insular in my ideas.

The cargo boats tied up to the bank in the evening, but we had extra hands put on to tow us through the night. How often would I start out of my sleep at our boat's colliding with another, and at the screams which would ensue! Once I thought that our boat was boarded by some ruffians who were murdering our men (this really happened to one of the Jesuit Fathers while we were in Peking), such hideous shouts and savage yells broke the stillness of the night; but apparently it was only Chinese fun, and on we went quietly again until another boat crossed our path or we crashed against the bank. The sleeping accommodation was so cramped that we usually finished our toilet on the roof, to the great interest of the boatmen, our buttoned boots causing the greatest excitement. The moment they saw me come out armed with boots and button-hook, their basins of food and everything else were dropped in order to crowd round to get a good view. The weather was perfect, frosty, with an extraordinarily clear atmosphere; and, wrapped in furs, we were able to sit out in the bow all day.

People tell you that the journey up the Pei-ho is most wearisome, but being new to China, I found it full of interest. The river was crowded with heavily laden boats making their last voyage to Tung-chow before the hard frost set in, and there was a good opportunity of studying the habits and customs of the floating population, whole families being on the large boats.

A Chinaman delights in singing-birds, and on every boat there were cages of them, chiefly linnets. Often a man would be seen squatting on the deck looking lovingly at a bird which was tied by

the leg to a stick which he held in his hand, and even men on the towing-path were walking along with birds fastened in a similar manner. The ladies on the boats looked excessively smart amidst their grimy surroundings, in their bright-coloured tunics reaching to the knees, and loose blue trousers fastened round the ankle. Their blue-black hair is plastered back with cosmetics and adorned with artificial flowers, the back hair being arranged to stand out very far at the back of the head by means of long ornamental pins. The getting-up of their faces must make a Chinese woman's toilet a lengthy one, for from forehead to chin the face is covered with a fine smooth white paste, with an astoundingly brilliant rose-coloured spot in the middle of the cheek. Long earrings, generally of pearls and coral, a fan, and black embroidered satin shoes complete the costume. In China the shoes of both men and women (at least of the Manchu women, for it is only the Chinese women who maim their feet) are made of black or dark blue satin, with little floors of their own, that is, they have a sole of several layers of felt, nearly two inches thick, which adds considerably to the height of the wearer.

The river at Tung-chow was so crowded with boats when we arrived that we were jammed out in mid-stream, and it was a long time before we could land. Boats laden with grain, with live fish and various other things, were discharging their cargoes, and no one was at all anxious to make room for their neighbour. The fish, which appeared to be halibut, were alive, and were carried off in shallow tubs suspended one on each side of a bar which a man wore over his shoulders.

We scanned the banks anxiously for the carts or mule litters which we expected to be sent for us, but, seeing nothing, we sent our boy to order carts, and scrambled across several boats and up the bank to take a view of Tung-chow; but the coolies were the roughest set of men that we had met in all our travels, and, being two ladies alone, we thought it best to beat a retreat.

After some delay four carts drawn by mules arrived, one for each of us and two for the boy and luggage. The combination of a Peking cart and a Northern Chinese road defies description. The cart is strongly built, covered, with two broad brass-studded wheels, springs none, and the unfortunate passenger sits cross-legged on the floor, the driver sitting on the shaft—or, as it happened to me, on my feet, for unfortunately I was much too long for such a conveyance. The saying as to a Peking cart is—

Put every pillow and cushion you possess into it, and then walk. All my bedding and pillows were packed in, and then the boy gave me a leg-up, for a Peking cart is high and has no step, and off we went. The mule-driver was a huge broad-shouldered man, and he almost blocked out all the view and, still worse, all the air, and oh how shockingly he smelt!

At first we jolted over a broad road paved with large stones, then over a sandy track where the ruts were so deep that the carts sank up to the axles. It is not surprising that a Peking cart has to be very strongly built; no other kind of vehicle could stand such a strain.

Once we found the track (it is absurd to call such a thing a road) blocked by a cart which had broken down, and we had to struggle along the bank above. But the bank was broken in many places, and one wheel of my cart was over the edge. The driver calmly imagined that he could practically—not metaphorically—prevent the cart from tumbling over by putting his shoulder to the wheel, but this was more than my nerves could stand, and I speedily flung myself out. What an approach to the capital of such a vast empire!

Our progress was very slow, and after ten miles of appalling jolting I could still see nothing of Peking, and the sun was beginning to sink. The gates of Peking are closed at sunset, and the traveller who should happen to get shut out would have an unpleasant experience, for the houses outside the walls are inhabited by the scum of the city.

The flaming sun went down, leaving the most glorious afterglow. Large flocks of wild geese wheeled over our heads, their harsh cries startling even the mules. I peered anxiously out from under the little blue cover of the cart, but no walls of Peking could I see. Before my eyes danced the words of a four-line whip which we had received from the great I.G. 'Remember, under no circumstances are you to run the risk of being shut outside the gates of Peking; if there is the slightest chance of your being late, remain in your boat until the following morning.'

Our boy jumped out of his cart, and began thumping my mule to try and hurry him on, at the same time shrieking at the driver, who had slowly begun to wake up and show a little excitement. Just as the afterglow faded I saw an archway, but it was not the gateway of the city; still we were under the walls, and struggling through deep sand.

Crawling on to the shaft, I began to shout to my friend, who was in the cart behind, that we had better get out and run for it and leave our luggage to its fate, when out from the gloom rushed a man, yelling something of which I did not understand a word except 'Sir Robert Hart.' He hit the mule, the cart bumped on to a paved causeway, and there stood the great archway, one of the huge doors being already closed, and as the last of our little carts lumbered through, the other side was shut and sealed; one minute later neither the British Minister nor Sir Robert Hart could have had them opened for us. Truly a most unpleasant excitement! But we were in Peking, and I began to bethink me of my personal appearance. My hair was streaming down my back, and not a hairpin could I find; my hat was battered in, and my collar and studs had disappeared. What a plight to appear in before one's host! I tucked my hair underneath my hat, but in a second it was jolted down again, for if the roads outside Peking were bad, the streets inside were, if possible, worse.

The mule-driver hung a long paper lantern on to the shaft, and on we stumbled through the crowded, dimly lighted streets. At last we found ourselves in a courtyard, and were immediately surrounded by several stately Chinese servants clad in white, who lifted us out and led us through a large garden and into a brilliantly lighted hall. To my intense relief the great man was not at home, for he never dreamt that any traveller could arrive at such an hour, so we escaped unobserved to the spacious suites of rooms prepared for us. Here the head boy suggested tea and a hot bath. I nearly flung my arms round his neck; for what more soothing externally and internally could there be! At eight we were summoned to the drawing-room, and found the great I.G. waiting to receive us.

The I.G. is Sir Robert Hart, Bart., K.C.M.G., Inspector-General of the Imperial Customs of China, the greatest Englishman in China, who, besides the honours conferred on him by the Emperor, has been decorated by every country (or Court) of Europe. I quailed beneath his eye as he expressed his horror at the risk we had run in being so late, but, as it must have been one of his own men who made the mistake about sending the carts, we had to treat the matter as a joke.

That night I felt quite demoralised at finding myself in such luxury—a sitting-room, with books and piano; an ante-room with

large hanging wardrobes, where my poor unhappy dresses, which had been more or less packed up for a year, were having a little breathing-space; and finally my bedroom, with an English bed and furniture, lit by gas, and a roaring fire. I never appreciated comfort so much. But there is nothing perfect upon earth: just as I was falling off to sleep I was startled by a horrid noise immediately outside my windows, evidently an animal peculiar to Peking, for I had never heard the like of it before, and there was a companion at the far end of the garden answering. A footstep on the gravel path, and I realised that it was one of the night watchmen, who, with misdirected zeal, was beating his large wooden rattle in the verandah. Overcome with sleep, I felt how preferable would be the noiseless thief of the East, who is capable of removing the very pillow from under your head without disturbing you. However, at midnight, when our host retired to rest and the lights were put out, peace reigned at last, for the watchmen retired also. One would imagine that this would be the time when they would be needed, but as long as the watchmen pay a toll to the head of the thieving community your goods are safe; discharge your watchmen, and your house is robbed that night.

I awoke the next morning at what I thought was a mandarin of high degree offering me tea, but it was only our Chinese boy in such gorgeous array that I did not recognise him. He usually wore a long blue cotton blouse, but now he had donned a short coat and trousers of sapphire-blue silk and new black satin shoes; and his pigtail, which was well oiled and brushed, was nearly half a yard longer than when he left Tientsin. Whether he usually carried an extra piece of hair to plait in on grand occasions or hired it from a Peking hairdresser I did not discover, but I observed that his pigtail returned to its pristine length on our return to the houseboat. Like all Easterns, he was a mass of curiosity, and had evidently been busy examining all my dresses, for he knew the colour of every one, and was most anxious to know which I was going to wear at dinner that evening. 'Pink, yellow, black, white,' he gabbled, and could not understand why I would not settle at 6.30 A.M. on the apparel for 8 P.M.

That nearly all the sights of Peking are shut to Europeans is a fact so well known that no visitor to the city has any right to complain. The great lamasery has been entered by Englishmen within the last few years, but at the risk of their lives; so the

examination hall and the walls and watch-towers are the chief sights.

The examination hall is surrounded by hundreds of brick cells, where the candidates for Government appointments are enclosed during the competitive examinations. How great must be the zeal of the competitor who can remain shut up for fourteen days in a cell barely four feet high and just three feet wide, with only two boards for table and seat! Anyone but a Chinaman would be picked out either raving mad or dead at the end of three days; but the powers of endurance of the pigtailed race are beyond a Western's comprehension. Food is brought at stated times, and a careful watch is kept that the candidates do not assist each other, they being able to see and speak to their opposite neighbour through the openings in the cells.

The walls which surround Peking are fifty feet high and sixty feet broad, and every gateway is guarded by a high square watch-tower. From the top of the walls a good idea can be formed of the city—or rather cities, for there are three, the Chinese City, the Tartar City, and the Forbidden City, one within the other.

The Forbidden City, which is the residence of the Son of Heaven, the Emperor of the Celestial Empire, is surrounded by high walls topped with the imperial yellow tiles, and the gates are strictly guarded to prevent anyone from entering the sacred precincts. With the exception of the occasions when the imprisoned monarch goes to worship at some temple he never leaves the Forbidden City, which covers a large area, containing parks, gardens, and lakes.

The ordinary dwelling-houses in the Tartar City are small, low, and flat-roofed, the foreign legations being the only buildings that have any approach to beauty, and they are not visible from the filthy streets. A proof of the dryness of the climate of North China is shown in the observatory, which is on the top of the wall, where the bronze astronomical instruments made in 1668 by the Jesuit Father Verbeist—and, still more remarkable, those under some trees below, the work of Khublai Khan in the thirteenth century—are as bright and free from rust as if only recently put up.

In spite of the sights of Peking being closed to Europeans, it has a strange fascination which no other city of the East possesses, the interest being in its crowded streets. Was ever such varied traffic seen? Picking one's way cautiously along, for fear of

tumbling into a cesspool or other horror, one finds the wide streets lined with little booths, past which files an endless procession of human beings, beasts, and Peking carts. A long train of Bactrian camels—magnificent animals, all in their new winter coats—marches slowly by, laden with coal from the hills, or ridden by wild-looking Mongols bringing skins from the north. Then comes a funeral procession, with men with spread umbrellas and banners walking ahead, the tablets of the deceased being carried in a kind of sedan chair. After that a bridal procession, the bride also in a sedan chair, with her face covered with a red cloth. Little Peking carts go bumping along; from under the little blue hoods of the carts peep faces with eyes covered with huge saucer-like goggles. Contemptuous-looking mandarins are borne aloft in sedan chairs or in mule litters, with attendants, mounted on splendid mules, riding before and behind. Besides all these there is a crowd of foot passengers—men in blue blouses, with loose, baggy trousers bound around the legs; boys carrying birds in cages or on sticks; women of the conquering race of Manchus walking firmly erect, for the fashion does not hold with them of binding the feet; then a poor Chinese woman comes tottering along on what look more like hoofs than feet, shod in little embroidered satin shoes scarcely three and a half inches long. The suffering of the girls—for the treatment of the foot has to begin at an early age—is horrible to think of: the four small toes are turned under the foot, and the big toe pressed back on the top until the foot becomes a shapeless stump. Both Manchu and Chinese women wear their hair most elaborately dressed and ornamented with jewelled pins and artificial flowers. What strikes one most in the Northern Chinese is that they are a race of aristocrats—tall, dignified, fine-figured people, with shapely limbs and beautiful hands and feet, their tapering fingers and filbert nails being most remarkable.

We made an expedition one morning to the shops, which are all in the Chinese City. Over every house where goods are sold a long black signboard, lettered in gold, is hung vertically from a projecting iron bar. There were many quaint things to be seen under a covered way with little shops on either side, but the crowd that followed us pressed round us so closely that we were nearly suffocated, and our zeal for curios was soon dissipated. The Chinese cannot understand the Western dislike to be gazed at, for not only do they live in public, but the last scene of life,

over which we draw a veil, is witnessed by a crowd of friends and relations. They look upon death with perfect equanimity, and usually provide themselves beforehand with the huge coffin which is *de rigueur* in China. Large enough to voyage across the Atlantic in, or to contain a whole family, these coffins, which are made of wood four inches thick, have a bed of quicklime, which is certainly a necessity, as the actual interment often does not take place for weeks, or even years. This strange delay is caused by the astrologers not being able to settle on the lucky place or day for the ceremony, the entire matter being left to their selection.

The Temple of Confucius we tried to see twice in one day, but on each occasion a disagreeable crowd assembled, and on finding that 'Keidzu!' (foreign devil) was hissing from every mouth, and that stones were being picked up to hurl at us, we beat a retreat.

'You will make the expedition to the Great Wall and Ming tombs in mule litters, which are most comfortable,' we were told. I vainly requested to be allowed to ride, but was assured that it would not be safe, as in passing through villages stones and filth would be flung at me. A mule litter is like a large sedan chair, with the poles fore and aft resting on two mules, the hind mule having a very dull time, for his head almost rests against the back of the chair. The poor beasts are bitted with a thick piece of wire across the upper gum—a cruel method; but the Chinese do not understand the word 'suffering.' It would be an enormous advantage to tall travellers in the East if they had the power of unhooking their legs at the knee when requiring any means of conveyance. Being all in one piece, I found a mule litter horribly cramped, and astonished the mule-driver, when away from the haunts of men, by hanging my feet out of the windows. A mule litter is reserved for people of importance to travel in, and the openings or windows have deep fringed cotton flounces and curtains to protect those inside from the vulgar gaze, the villagers having to squat on the ground as you pass to look up underneath the fringe. As I wished to see what I could of the country I pinned up the objectionable flounce with that most useful thing, a hairpin. In travelling, what would life be without hairpins? Besides being the best of paper cutters, efficient boot and glove buttoners, corkscrew, tin-opener, and tent-hook, I have successfully mended harness and bridles with them.

Except for one hour's rest for lunch, we spent most of the day

in our mule litters, travelling slowly along the great alluvial plain, the monotony of which was broken by a few scattered mud villages surrounded by patches of cultivation. The gentleman of the party varied the long hours by riding a donkey or driving a cart; the servants and provisions being also carried in carts. At sunset we reached the village of Sha-Ho, where we were to stay the night, and we made our first acquaintance with a Chinese inn. Nothing in the East can be accomplished in a hurry, and certainly the time wasted before a Chinese innkeeper will come to terms is most aggravating. Woe be to the unwary who enter and take possession of the accommodation, such as it is, without making any agreement; for when ready to depart he will be presented with a bill so exorbitant that he refuses to pay, then threats and violent language ensue, the doors of the courtyard which surrounds the inn are shut, stones and staves are used to enforce payment, and if the traveller escapes without a broken head he is very lucky. But our escort, knowing well the unpleasant customs of the Chinese, always made an agreement with innkeepers and guardians of temples before entering, so we encountered nothing disagreeable.

The inns in the north of China are all on the same plan. You enter through heavy wooden doors a large courtyard, three sides of which are stables for the ponies and mules; the fourth side furthest from the entrance contains the rooms reserved for travellers, which your boy must thoroughly sweep before you enter, if you wish to have any peace; but sleep, from other causes, is almost impossible, as the kicking and squealing of the ponies and mules never cease. The furniture of the rooms consists of a table and chair, and a stove bed, or k'ang, which is a raised bank of bricks about four feet high, with interstices in which burning wood and dried manure smoulder—rather on the plan of a garden hotbed. On the bed of bricks a piece of matting is first laid, and then your bedding. Fortunately for us, though the weather was frosty the cold was not intense; so we were able to dispense with the heating of the k'ang, which must cause you in the morning to feel like a fluffy cucumber. The latticed windows of the rooms are supposed to be covered with paper, but curiosity has not only made peep-holes, but apertures large enough for a human head to go through. However, after some time spent in the Far East, one ceases to expect any privacy, and to remonstrate with the prying ones is not only useless, but exhausting.

At daybreak the next morning we started for the Ming tombs. Passing through two pailons or archways—one of fine white marble, the other of brick—we reached the avenue of enormous stone carvings which line the approach to the magnificent burial-place of the great emperors. First come gigantic pairs of elephants and camels cut out of solid pieces of stone, then huge figures of courtiers and warriors who seem to be standing at attention as if expecting that the gates of the tombs would suddenly open and their dead masters sally forth.

Far away from the noise and crowd of the great city, in a large amphitheatre surrounded by persimmon trees, lie the thirteen tombs of the past dynasty of Chinese rulers, each some miles apart from another. The tomb of Yung-le, of the early fifteenth century, is the largest and the one usually visited. It is surrounded on three sides by high brick walls, the fourth side being formed by the hill in which the sarcophagus is deeply sunk; the buildings in the great courtyard being the sacrificial halls, while others contain the ancestral tablets which rest on large stone tortoises. The Chinese believe that man is inhabited by three spirits, one of which after death is always in attendance on the tablets.

In spite of the bright sunshine and blue sky above, the solitude and desolation of the whole place created a sense of weirdness; nothing broke the perfect silence except the occasional rustling of the few last remaining leaves of the persimmon trees as they floated down.

Suddenly I started at what sounded like a footstep behind me. Was it the spirit of Yung-le's tablet coming to scare away the traveller who had dared to venture into the great enclosure reserved for the dead? It was only some of the beautiful imperial yellow tiles from the roof of the sacrificial hall, which slipped from the place where they had rested for over four hundred years, and fell with a soft thud in the bed of long grass.

On entering the long sloping-roofed building which stands in the centre, and which is surrounded by beautifully carved white marble balustrades, one finds oneself in a vast hall, the roof of which is supported by enormous polished teak pillars thirty-two feet high. On a stone table stands the red lacquer tablet on which is inscribed the Emperor Yung-le's posthumous title, 'The Perfect Ancestor, the Literary Emperor.' History does not relate whence these gigantic pillars were brought; but as teak trees are

not found in any part of China, it is generally supposed that they came from Burma, but how they were transported such an enormous distance remains a mystery. How well all the past monarchs of the East knew how to bury themselves, and what an amount of time and thought must have been spent on planning such vast places of interment, which took many years to build!

Leaving the Ming tombs, we accomplished the thirteen miles to the little fortified town of Nankow just as the sun was setting. We had some difficulty in threading our way along the slippery, roughly paved street, as it was almost blocked with heavily laden camels, ponies, and mules, on their way to and from Mongolia. Passing several inns, at last we reached the one where we were to put up for the night. Here the usual altercation ensued before we could enter. The courtyard was already in possession of a large number of ponies and mules, which were fighting, screaming, and kicking. To add to the noise, an elderly gander, whose age was computed to be little short of ninety, was walking around, rushing, hissing, with outspread wings, at every new-comer, as if he wished to keep the whole place to himself. In an adjoining yard a large number of camels were being unloaded for the night, and the groaning and swearing of these huge beasts added to the general pandemonium.

In consequence of the town of Nankow standing at the entrance of the pass, which is the great trade route from Mongolia to Peking, an enormous traffic of camels, ponies, and mules passes through its main street carrying skins and various other things from Mongolia, and bringing back brick tea from beyond Peking.

There are few things more interesting in North China than the great Mongolian camel trains. The two-humped Bactrian camel of Central Asia is a magnificent beast, quite throwing his African brothers into the shade. When clothed in his new winter coat of rich dark brown fur, which even covers his knees, he is doubly imposing. A string of fifteen to twenty camels is fastened together by a cord, attached to the nose of the first and the tail of the second, and so on to the last one, which wears a large bell hung round its neck, so that the Mongol, who is perched on the leading camel, can easily discover when the connecting cord breaks. A mandarin and a camel are the most supercilious creatures upon earth. The former, wrapped in rich silks and furs, as he is carried along in his sedan chair glances at the European with pitying disdain. But the camel ignores you altogether, and

with a sneer on his mouth plods slowly along, not deigning to look at anything that is not on a level with his eyes. It is therefore necessary to give a camel train a wide berth, for the great beasts would calmly walk over one, and finding some obstacle in the road, would probably give a kick which would silence one for ever. It being bright moonlight, a large number of camels were fed and watered and went on; so all through the night the little town resounded with the music of their bells. To sleep either well or long in an inn on the great trade route to Mongolia is almost impossible, for the noises continue till late in the night, and at dawn the loading of the different transport animals begins, each in turn raising loud objections, the wretched ponies having full reasons for doing so, as their backs are always a mass of sores. But the noise in our yard was soon completely drowned by the groaning and swearing of our neighbours the camels, who varied their charming *répertoire* by making a noise as if they were all violently sick. Though so magnificent in appearance, a camel's habits and customs are certainly perfectly horrid, for when he is in a bad temper—and when is he not?—he bites, kicks, and, still worse, spits at every one who comes near him. I doubt even if their owners feel any affection for them. That day, on our way to the Great Wall, we overtook a long string of camels which had come to a standstill, as one of them was ill. Four Mongols were struggling ineffectually to prevent him from twisting his head around the hump; but the animal had done his last march, and sank with a crash, rolling over in the sand. The drivers rearranged the loads, and then the long string of camels stalked slowly away. The dying beast opened its great pathetic eyes to have a last look at its companions, then there was a flapping of heavy wings, and I turned away, for the ghoulish birds of prey had begun their gruesome repast. How much I wished, on this and many other occasions, that I had been able to put the poor agonised creatures out of pain. On those who are fond of animals, their sufferings in the East leave an indelible impression.

The road from the little town of Nankow to the Great Wall is very rough, and my front mule fell, rolling the little box in which I was cooped up over on its side. I found myself wedged head downwards, with all my bedding and pillows on the top of me, the mules' hoofs resounding unpleasantly on the woodwork close to my head. The boy rescued me from this unpleasant position by dragging me out through the window by my heels,

the mule-driver looking on as stolidly as if it was all part of the day's work; in fact I think he was rather pleased at seeing 'the foreign devil' in such a predicament. On a repetition of this little entertainment, the gentleman of the party made it plain to the driver that if it happened a third time, he would not get any backshish, with the result that there was no more stumbling.

Passing through the town of Chu-zung-Kuan, and under a large archway, the inside of which is covered with bas-reliefs and an inscription in six languages, three of which are Sanscrit Tibetan, and Chinese, we came in sight of that most enormous piece of man's handiwork on the face of the globe, the Great Wall. It was built to keep out the Mongols, whose descendants with their camels now file in an almost ceaseless procession through the double gateway of Pa-ta-ling, with its square tower pierced with loopholes for cannon, and past the cannons which lie in the dust near by. Little reckes the merry little Mongol, as he lurches by on his scornful camel, for what purpose that wall was built or these cannons brought there. His mind is engrossed on how he may get the best of the merchants when he gets to Peking; not that he ever succeeds, for the Mongols are a guileless race, and no match in any way for the cunning Chinese trader.

We turned off the road before reaching the Wall, to visit a Mongol encampment. The men came out of their tents and greeted us in the most friendly manner, and afterwards fetched the women, who took the deepest interest in my clothes, being especially fascinated with my straw hat, feeling it all over in turn very gently, and smiling back at each other. They were taller and much better-looking than the men, and wore beautiful head-dresses of embossed plates of silver, studded with turquoises, pearls, and coral, and long clusters of pearls were hung around their ears. Their dress consisted of a short rough brown woollen skirt striped with red, and a woollen jacket which was almost concealed by a sheepskin cloak with the wool inside. Before we left, one of the men brought out of his tent a silver bowl, wrought with a fine design, containing a colourless liquid which he offered to me. I just touched it with my lips, being a trifle afraid of what the mixture might be, having heard a not exactly pleasing account of the composition of Mongolian drinks. But, as the guest is not supposed to drain the cup, I did all that was expected, and no offence was given.

The Great Wall is forty feet high and twenty feet broad, and

is bordered on each side by a crenellated parapet, the whole structure at the Pa-ta-ling Gate being in an extraordinarily perfect state. It must be remembered that this is not the original old wall, which runs from Kansu to the Gulf of Pechili, but the one built a few hundred years later, the first dating from B.C. 221. The wall is built entirely of bricks averaging fifteen inches long and seven inches wide, where made and how brought remains a mystery; and as you stand on the top and see on either side of you the long white line topping the brown hills as far as the eye can reach, and realise that it continues for hundreds of miles, you feel that the Pyramids are but a slight work in comparison.

On the north-west side of the white snake-like wall lies the brown plain of Mongolia, and on the other the brown hills of China, from deepest umber colour to bright sienna, but unrelieved by any patches of green. The sun was setting when we were returning to Nankow, and then the hills seemed to be clothed in purple and gold, and the Great Wall stood out like a fiery streak on the horizon.

We spent another night in the quaint little town, and tried to sleep to the usual accompaniment of groaning camels and screaming, kicking mules, and the next day at dusk we were back again in Peking. Life is very pleasant in the winter in Cathay's great capital—dinners and dances at the different legations and amongst the rest of the European community. Though furs are necessary the climate is then at its best, being perfectly still, with a cloudless sky and a brisk invigorating air. When it rains, Peking becomes little else but a vast cesspool; the dry windy weather being even more horrible, for the poisonous dust is blown in clouds through the streets, filling your throat and lungs. The legations, with entrances guarded by stone lions, are all in one long street which is as filthy as the rest of the city; but, fortunately for the European residents, the houses are all enclosed within high walls and surrounded by large gardens, so the effluvia do not reach them.

When going out to dinner our host always drove in his own little cart, but we were carried in sedan chairs, with long paper lanterns hanging at the poles, runners going ahead, shouting to clear the way. With a slow trot we were carried into the halls of the houses; stately servants in white assisted us to unroll from our furs and rugs, and in a few minutes it was difficult to believe without occasionally glancing at the pigtailed gentlemen in

attendance that we were in the Far East, and not in London or Paris. Yet within a short distance from where we were enjoying all the luxuries of Europe, was the poor Emperor shut up in the Forbidden City, living a life no better than his predecessors of many centuries ago.

In spite of the reluctant awakening of China, what has been the custom still remains so, and at 2 A.M. every morning the Halls of Audience are opened, and at 3 A.M. the Cabinet Councils are held. What minister's ideas would not be congealed if called upon to assemble at such an unearthly hour, with the thermometer many degrees below zero? Even the Court entertainments take place at 8 A.M., and at 10 A.M. the work of the Emperor's day is over. Anything more uncomfortable can hardly be imagined; but from the Emperor down to his lowest subject, who is ground down and obliged to subsist on fare which would mean starvation to most races, the Chinese are supremely satisfied with themselves, and they see no reason for any change. Every innovation that is now being forced on them is accepted out of sheer fear.

The frost made us leave Peking earlier than we had intended, so one morning we were packed into the little carts again, and, after the usual horrible jolting, joined our houseboat at Tungchow, and started immediately on the return journey to Tientsin. After some hours, finding it intensely cold sitting on the roof of our boat, we landed to have a walk; and as the Pei-ho winds in an extraordinary manner, we thought we would take a cut across country. A six-mile run brought us to a point at the bank where we imagined we should hit off our boat, but instead of its being there, we found a village, and a village meant a crowd. The authorities in Peking had warned us that we were never to approach any dwellings on foot, for a few days before a European had been nearly murdered near one of these villages, and for two ladies alone it was most unsafe. However, as we had made such a dreadful mistake, the only thing to do was to keep calm and disguise all fear. So we waved majestically at the river to show the ruffians who were jostling us that the boat was expected every minute. But the boat did not come. Craft of every description slipped swiftly by, their red-brown sails glowing in the afternoon sun, still not a sign of ours could we see. A last a most unpleasing idea struck us—suppose our boat has passed. If it has, what will become of us? We shall probably be stoned and flung into the Pei-ho. What a dreadful way of making our exit out of a world we had come so far to see!

Not daring to take our eyes from off the crowd, we stood like animals at bay with our backs to the river, only occasionally taking hurried glances at the winding Pei-ho. A quarter of an hour lengthened to half an hour, then to forty minutes. The crowd began to show signs of getting tired, and just as I was beginning to think that things were coming to a climax, round a bend of the river shot our boat, and the cowards fell back. Down the mud bank we scrambled and jumped on board, feeling very much as a prisoner must, who, having been led out to be shot, has been reprieved at the last moment.

As we glided into Tientsin, the high façade of the Roman Catholic cathedral was glittering in the setting sun like burnished gold. This is the only piece of the building which remains, the rest of the structure having been burnt to the ground by the mob in the riots of 1870. We found that the English, French, and American gunboats had arrived to take up their winter quarters, where they remain frozen up for three months. There was no time to be lost, and we started off in the first steamer available. The previous winter she had left Tientsin too late, and in crossing the bar she stuck in the ice, and remained jammed there for ten weeks. Her captain had been on the celebrated *Kow-shing* taking Chinese troops to Korea in 1894 when the Japanese fired on her, and she sank with what was considered the pick of the Chinese army; the captain, after being an hour and a quarter in the water, was rescued, with only a slight bullet wound.

It was too rough to stop at Chefoo and take on the usual cargo of vermicelli and straw braid, so we made a quick passage down to Shanghai, and, stepping off on to the wharf, were whisked in rickshas into the European quarter, with its stately houses and hongs of the great merchants, and its garden-lined Bund, along which lie the ships of all nations. What an astonishment it would be to the Emperor of China if he could only take a trip to Shanghai, and see amongst other things the crowd of shipping in the river! But the largest things he has ever seen afloat are the mimic junks which skim along the artificial lakes within the walls of the Forbidden City, and he will probably be hurried off by his attentive relation, the Empress Dowager, to be 'a guest on high,' without ever having had an opportunity of forming the slightest idea of the vast country, with its cities and ports, and its teeming population, over which he nominally reigns.

A MIDDLE-AGED ROMANCE.

I.

JOSHUA GRENFELL had made up his mind to marry. We do not arrive at any important conclusion in life without working up to it, consciously or unconsciously. Joshua worked up to his unconsciously. He was fifty-six years of age, and it was the first time he had seriously contemplated the step. It was his friend's having taken the vital step with success that turned his thoughts into a similar channel. Bill Brentwood was Joshua's only friend. He had acquaintances. He might have had friends as the world counts them, had he chosen. His surroundings were such as to make it worth the world's while to cultivate him, but somehow he had little social ambition and so he remained very much alone.

He went to the City every morning by the Underground, returning to his handsome house in De Vere Gardens on the top of a 'bus, or on foot for the sake of the exercise. Year in, year out, it made a monotonous enough programme, and was only varied by Brentwood's dropping in to dinner, or to stay the night. By-and-by even that variety was denied him, for Bill married a wife, and Grenfell regarded the event as striking the death-knell of their pleasant bachelor intercourse.

The rich, lonely merchant shrank from the society of women with all the sensitiveness of a man from whose life they have been almost completely excluded for a quarter of a century. But his friend who had dug and delved beneath the crust of reserve and coldness that Joshua presented to the world, and had discovered something that outweighed these surface qualities, saw no reason why the change in his circumstances should affect his relations with his friend. So, a couple of months after his marriage, he buttonholed Joshua in the City one day.

'I say, old man,' he said, 'we have got a cottage at Surbiton. Come down to us for the end of the week. I want you to see my wife.'

Joshua looked at his friend. There was to his sharpened eyesight an indescribable change in him. His somewhat broad features had acquired an air of happiness that almost idealised their unclassic contour. There was something even in the cut of

his neck-tie, in the set of his buttonhole, in the *tout ensemble* of the man that was significant. He was ten years Joshua's junior. Grenfell hesitated.

'We are past the spooning stage,' continued his friend persuasively; 'you have nothing to fear from that.'

Joshua coloured like a school-girl.

'Don't plead a prior engagement,' Bill urged. 'I want you to see Mary.'

The invitation in its one aspect tempted Joshua strongly. He did not know till now what a loss Brentwood had been to him, or how pleasant would be the partial resumption of the old intimacy. On the other hand 'Mary' presented herself as an undoubted bugbear, and he shrank from the atmosphere of domesticity that seemed somehow to have engulfed his friend. In the end, however, Brentwood's persuasions prevailed and he promised.

The preparations for the visit were made on a different scale from such visits in the old days. Again, Mr. Grenfell was reminded as he ordered his man to pack the regulation dress suit of the presence of a lady. The action was symbolic. The friendly smoking-coat would have to be tabooed. There was to be no enjoyable *abandon* about this visit, everything set, stiff, formal.

He went down with his host next day by the 2.25 train from Victoria. Brentwood was in high spirits.

'I want you and Mary to be great friends,' he said, linking his arm affectionately in his friend's, as they walked up from the station, preceded by a boy carrying Joshua's portmanteau. He opened an unpretending green door in a brick wall as he spoke, and Joshua heard a whistle as of some one calling a dog, then a scramble on the gravel and the swish, swish of a woman's gown on the grass, and the enraptured husband's exclamation, 'There she is!'

Mrs. Brentwood came tripping towards them. Her tiny feet seemed scarce to touch the ground as she walked. Her fair hair surrounded her head in a manner that, had Joshua been poetic, would have suggested a halo of glory, and her voice had a low, vibrating sweetness in it that struck pleasantly on his ear. Bill stooped and kissed her, making his friend feel as if in some way he were breaking a compact.

'No doubt an empty-headed doll!' Joshua was saying to himself, but afterwards at dinner he was obliged to reverse his judgment and acknowledge that his hostess was an extremely intelligent, well-informed woman. Later in the evening, when

interrogated by his friend as to his being 'a lucky beggar,' he even found himself giving an unqualified assent. That was the first step towards the important conclusion that Joshua ultimately arrived at. His was rather a slow-working brain. It took several such visits to the 'Yews' at Surbiton, and later, frequent calls at Cleveland Square to make an impression, but an impression deliberately made tends to be more indelible than one more hastily formed.

The old intimacy between the friends was partially resumed, and the result was that Joshua could not but realise that in some mysterious way Bill had acquired a new mainspring in life. He, his friend, was no longer in the least essential to his well-being.

One evening in the smoking-room Bill slapped him on the back out of a sheer overflow of self-satisfaction, and said:

'I say, old fellow, what do you say to go and do likewise? It's a big advance, I can tell you, to come home to this sort of thing,' waving his hand comprehensively round the snugger, 'to dingy chambers and a solitary dinner. Upon my soul, my rooms were enough to give one the blues. My landlady dealt in briquettes, put on in the morning and broken up on my return at night. A graveyard was lively by comparison.'

Joshua took a hansom across the park that night and lit a cigar, and walked the rest of the way home, and all the time his friend's words kept echoing in his ears, 'Go and do likewise.' They could not have been more vivid to his mind's eye had they been displayed in electric sky-signs all along the road. When he reached home he fell to musing by the library fire. His circumstances were not so dreary as those described by Brentwood. On the contrary, he had everything to make life run smoothly on oiled wheels, and yet he was conscious even as he looked round his luxurious room and well-filled bookshelves that there was something wanting that Brentwood had.

By a curious coincidence, perhaps by virtue of what telepathists call a 'brain-wave,' perhaps owing to their being in the same 'electric circle'—Joshua and Mrs. Brentwood—it occurred to the latter also that the merchant's life was incomplete, and being a little woman of prompt action, she laid her plans to fill the hiatus.

'Bill,' she said one evening, looking thoughtfully into the fire after Joshua had been dining with them, 'I feel for the poor man. He wants someone to look after him—in short, he needs a wife.'

Bill stretched his long limbs on the hearth-rug, and regarded the specimen of that article belonging directly to himself with supreme satisfaction.

'Bill,' she said, knitting her pretty brows, 'how would Esther Latour do?'

Bill guffawed derisively.

'My dear child,' he said, 'Esther, Esther! Why, Grenfell's fifty-six if he's a day, and you know "Thou shalt not marry thy father." If you intend offering up Joshua on the altar of Hymen, pray choose a mate of more suitable age.'

'That is so like a man,' she rejoined. 'Pray, sir, may I ask how you yourself would have liked to marry an old hag of fifty?'

'I am younger than Grenfell, a good deal,' objected the husband. 'The cases are not parallel.'

'Listen to me,' she said decisively. 'Esther is not so young as she looks. I shall ask her here.'

'Grenfell's a good fellow,' said Bill, 'as good a fellow as ever breathed, but not the sort of man to win a young girl's heart.' He was a young enough husband not to relish the prospect of a third being added to their party.

But Mrs. Brentwood was one of those little women who suffer few things to turn them from their purpose. She laid her plans with care for every detail, and the result was that Esther Latour, the eldest of a hardworking clergyman's family, came at her invitation. As a sequence to her coming, logical, at least, to Mrs. Brentwood's mind, Joshua was invited to dinner to meet her. In other circumstances it might not have been advisable to have taken Esther into her confidence; to have, as it were, made her a party in the conspiracy, but circumstances were peculiar and exceptional, and after some consideration Mrs. Brentwood decided to confide in her guest. Mr. Grenfell was, as Bill had remarked, hardly the sort of person to win a young girl's heart, but Mary Brentwood did not believe in hearts being so beyond their owners' control as is generally supposed; so after her guest had had tea in the drawing-room, she escorted her to her room. Miss Latour's box had been unpacked. Her dinner-dress, a dove-coloured silk with swathings of white lace, lay on the bed. Mrs. Brentwood touched its folds softly.

'By the way,' she said carelessly, 'Mr. Grenfell is coming to dinner. That reminds me, I must give an eye to the table, and, my dear, do you give an eye to the guest. He is not in his first

youth, but an "eligible" in every sense of the term, and he has the kindest heart that ever breathed.'

She tripped out of the room after that with a backward glance and smile at her guest. Miss Latour's heart beat a degree quicker, but otherwise, as she selected her few ornaments, she was quite self-possessed. She was twenty-eight, and one of a large family with limited means, and she wanted to marry. She was past the age when she thought it essential to marry one's *grande passion*, and evidently Mary had provided some one. She did not expect great things. She entertained no romantic notions of an Apollo of exceptional means and suitable age, therefore she was conscious of no lowered ideal or uncomfortable readjusting of her ideas when she met Joshua. She said to herself he might have been worse. No one—not the most poetic imagination—could have idealised Joshua. Nothing could have made him other than the plain, substantial, middle-aged man he was, but not a sigh of disappointment ruffled the lace on Miss Latour's calm bosom. But all through dinner she was silently laying her plans. She met Joshua's grey eyes now and then across the ferns and azaleas. She even studied the crown of his bald head. She made an occasional remark to her host, but she did not contribute much to the general conversation.

After dinner, when the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Esther sang. Her singing was in no way above the average, but she looked graceful and pretty, and had none of those tricks of expression or gesture that jar on the onlooker, and sometimes go near to mar the effect of the finest voice. Joshua drew his chair near the piano when she had finished. She was not so awe-inspiring as he had expected to find her. He had come so little in contact with any women, excepting Mary Brentwood, that he regarded the whole sex with the degree of exaggerated reverence that we sometimes give to things we know nothing of. He had an idea that they were very good, very pure, very unapproachable.

'Won't you sing again?' he asked, seeing her collect her music.

'Not to-night,' she said; 'I am not in good voice.'

'Does voice vary so much?'

'I think it does—or it may be our measure of self-satisfaction or—our standard of excellence is higher one day than another. It must be one of these, but which I know not,' she added with a laugh.

'There are worse things than having a high standard in life,' said Joshua.

'I know,' she returned quickly. 'You mean on the principle of "Who aims the sky shoots higher far than he who means a tree." That is all very well, but there is the other side of the question. You may shoot for ever and always hit the tree, and if it were not for the tantalising sky beyond, one might even get to believe oneself a fair marksman.'

'I suppose occasional failure is good for our vanity,' Joshua said, with an ease that astonished himself.

'I suppose it is,' she said smiling; 'but failure falls harder on some than on others—harder on the ambitious ones, and they are usually the sensitive ones.'

'Are you ambitious, Miss Latour?' he asked, regarding her curiously, 'or is the question too personal to be permitted?'

She coloured a little and laughed. Joshua crossed one knee over the other and clasped his hands round the uppermost one.

'Why are personal questions considered impolite?' she asked. 'To me they are infinitely more interesting than generalities. I know nothing, for instance, that bores me to extinction like being expected to discuss the latest opera or the most popular play. Now personal discussion—observing my fellow-creatures, meeting new specimens, classifying them—that is different. Naturalists, botanists, geologists, go mad over their special pursuits, and there is not even a word extant for observers of the great human family. And there is no more absorbing study. But yes, Mr. Grenfell,' she said, suddenly breaking off, 'I am treating you to a tirade without answering your question. I am ambitious; I have been ambitious ever since I was a baby. I wanted to walk when other babies were content to crawl; I wanted to read when others were spelling; I wanted, in short, to attain outstanding excellence in every department, and Nature only furnished me all round with perfectly inadequate materials, rather under average than otherwise. I have been hampered at every step. You are a man,' she said, with a little nervous laugh; 'you will understand.'

'I am afraid I don't,' said Joshua gravely, feeling as if this before him were some new specimen introduced to his notice for the first time. 'It will no doubt surprise you when I tell you I am not in the least ambitious. It sounds jog-trot, I admit. Now that you have raised the question, I dare say you would say I had been living in a groove all these years.'

He liked her spirit and her eager, impetuous words. When they ceased he had a suspicion that his paces, compared with hers,

were slow, and a heart-sinking conviction that she might think him old.

‘A man without ambition!’ she exclaimed. There was reproach, not derision, in her tone. ‘Oh! Mr. Grenfell, it is a solecism—a contradiction in terms.’

Then an idea came into Joshua’s head that made him wonder if she would consider him unambitious could she divine it; that made him hastily uncross his legs, and stand up and wish his host and hostess ‘Good-night.’ He thought of Esther Latour all the way home. He began by walking, then he altered his mind and drove. He thought of her after Thomas had poked the library fire into a blaze, and brought him his smoking-coat and placed his whisky-and-soda and box of cigars ready to his hand. There was a degree of gratified vanity accountable for his meditations, and there was something else besides.

He did not dream of her. People do not, as a rule, dream of what is uppermost in their thoughts. It is as if the brain rejects the undue share given to the all-absorbing topic during the daytime, and demands variety. It is more generally some chain of thought touched upon haphazard that is resumed in sleep. But with the morning’s consciousness his mind reverted again to Esther. His thoughts came to occupy themselves constantly with her. He built as many air-castles as a boy about to step for the first time into the arena of life. If he could persuade her to marry him he would gain sympathetic companionship for life; that vacuum in his life that had of late so obtruded itself on his notice would be supplied. Then, again, had she not confessed to him her overweening ambition? Was it likely that he, Joshua Grenfell, in his middle-aged mediocrity, would satisfy her? He studied his plain, honest features in the glass, but gave up the attempt to invest them with interest for a girl like Miss Latour. Then he fell back on his substantial surroundings and comfortable income. He would be glad if these were considered in the light of inducements, though it seemed a kind of sacrilege to connect her, even in thought, with any such sordid motives, but Bill had said ‘the Latours were as poor as rats.’

He went one afternoon to call at Cleveland Square, and he found Esther alone. She was in the act of rising from the piano. She shook hands with him and sat down at the tea-table.

‘Mrs. Brentwood is out, but let me do the honours,’ she said smiling ‘One or two lumps?’ poisoning the sugar-tongs in her

fingers. 'Mr. Grenfell,' she said, 'I was just thinking when you came in how I hated mediocrity.'

Joshua was a little startled. He even felt himself colour. Did he, perhaps, come under the head of 'mediocrity'? Then he smiled. He liked her quick, unexpected remarks. They were like a fresh, bracing breeze, with a nip of the salt sea in them.

'Mediocrity in general or mediocrity in some particular form?' he asked.

'Oh, in every form,' she returned sweepingly, 'and it is so rife all around one, and people are so tenderly tolerant of it if it happens to be their own. Their smug self-complacency sickens one.'

'The only thing to be said for it is that it keeps one in countenance,' remarked Joshua, stirring his tea. 'Think how lonely one would be in the midst of universal excellence.'

'I call that the unkindest cut of all,' she said, blushing and laughing. 'I am rebuked. But you will be lenient with me when you hear that it was my own dead-level mediocrity I was condemning, not the world's at large.'

'Nothing was further from my thoughts than to imply rebuke,' stammered Joshua, looking confused.

She waved that aside with another smile.

'I am sometimes puzzled,' she went on; 'perhaps you can help me.'

Joshua smiled encouragingly. It amused him, intercourse with this vivacious young creature, who seemed to be constantly seeking a solution of the life-problems that surrounded her.

'Take my case, for instance' (she was never shy of talking about herself). 'Take my circumstances as a case in point. I am born with, say, a certain amount of musical talent, and with all the ambition to make the most of it, but without the means to cultivate it. What is the result? All my unaided effort fails to bring me over average. Then there is another girl. She is born with practically no talent, but by dint of outside influences brought to bear on her—a fortune spent in the training of voice and ear—she manages to acquit herself in the drawing-room as well as I. I call it unfair, unjust.'

Her face was animated. The colour in her cheeks threw her blue eyes into dark relief.

'Isn't there a measure of compensation somewhere?' suggested Joshua. 'You have the natural ability, she the opportunity for

cultivation. Would you have the ability and the means go hand in hand? Would that not entail the balance going heavily down in one scale?'

'Not at all,' she said eagerly. 'I should call it an ideal adjustment of things. I should call it economy in the highest sense of the word. Then we would cease being sickened with the spurious efforts misnamed talent.'

'It would be a case of the survival of the fittest,' said Joshua. 'I confess to twinges of sympathy for the weaklings who must inevitably go to the wall.'

She did not stop to answer that.

'And as for compensation,' she went on eagerly, 'I hope you are not an advocate of *that* law, Mr. Grenfell,' fixing her blue eyes earnestly on Joshua's face. 'I used once to believe in it. It is a very comfortable theory. I confess to not having been so happy since I have been obliged to abandon it. If I were overpowered by any spectacle of suffering—you know what sort of thing I mean, something that almost breaks your heart for the pity of it—I used to say to myself, "Do not put such stress on appearances; do not take the thing on the face of it; there's sure to be a hidden compensation somewhere." It was a comforting belief while it lasted, till I came to know that in three out of every six cases there wasn't a scrap of compensation in the matter.'

'It depends on what constitutes compensation,' said Joshua nervously. 'It covers a wide area. To some people, for instance, money is a compensation.'

He stopped. He had not intended to put it so plainly. He wanted to test her. She was lacing and unlacing her fingers, and looking thoughtfully past him.

'Often the most substantial of all,' she admitted quietly. The answer at once gratified and disappointed him. If she had scoffed at the idea he felt it would have been more in accord with her kindling eye and glowing cheek, but then, again, her reply gave him, by a train of logical reasoning, groundwork for hope. He was astonished when Mrs. Brentwood came in to discover how late it was. He declined her invitation to remain to dinner. He wanted to see his way clear, and to have time to think. We are very slow, after we reach a certain time of life, to take an important step, even should both reason and inclination commend it.

It was deterred by some feeling of this kind—not that Esther did not occupy his thoughts as continuously as formerly—that he

allowed her to go back to Britton Vicarage without giving her the choice of one day becoming Mrs. Joshua Grenfell.

The weeks glided into months, and still Joshua was irresolute. He was as fully, perhaps more fully, aware than he had been before, of the emptiness of his home compared with that of Bill Brentwood. He was as fully convinced of Esther's desirability and suitability, but she was at home at the Vicarage, beyond his reach, and to a man in Joshua's circumstances a few hundred miles of rail seemed so big an obstacle as to be almost insurmountable. But when July came round again and the Brentwoods went back to their cottage at Surbiton, and Joshua got his inevitable invitation for the end of the week, Brentwood mentioned incidentally that Esther Latour was keeping his wife company. As a matter of course, Joshua accepted the invitation, and when he had accepted it he felt less restless and more settled than he had felt for months. He had a sense of elation going down to Surbiton in the train. He took it as a good omen that Esther meant to accept the proposal he intended making.

She met him with the manner that never failed to charm him, and that seemed to bridge over the gulf that divided him from the sex that was almost entirely untried ground as it were to him, and that immediately put him at his ease.

'Make haste with your lunch,' Mrs. Brentwood said, 'we are going on the river. Esther and I have packed a tea-basket. You will only just have time to change.'

The two men hastened through their lunch and appeared in flannels. The change of costume sat well and easily on Bill's long athletic limbs, but it made Joshua look older, more set, more prosaically elderly. He was far, however, from feeling as he looked. No sense of incongruity troubled him. His surroundings were affecting him unconsciously. Esther's blue eyes were beaming on him so kindly that he permitted himself to hope. He discovered he was not too old to be light-hearted. Brentwood and he each took an oar, and Mrs. Brentwood and Miss Latour lounged luxuriously in the stern of the boat among Liberty cushions and coloured wraps. Joshua rowed and talked. He did not know that he was more loquacious than usual. He was only talking because he was happy since he had accepted Bill's invitation and decided on his course of action. He did not know that he had unconsciously assumed a youthful air and gestures that matched less well than his ordinary manner with his bald head

and middle-aged figure. The circumstances were so exceptional, he was not altogether accountable. He handled the oar with an air that was almost jaunty. He even paid Mrs. Brentwood compliments. There was a picture ever before his mind's eye that dazzled it and prevented his seeing the present with clear vision.

When they had pulled up the river for a couple of miles, Brentwood said :

'I say Grenfell, what do you say to a spell of the towing-rope? One could fancy cooler weather for this species of exertion.'

Joshua rallied him on his slender powers of endurance, but fell in with his proposal.

'I suspect Bill of a secret hankering after his cigar,' said Mrs. Brentwood, smiling as her husband stepped on to the towing-path, and gathered up the rope. The next moment Joshua had followed his example. But he was making some remark to the ladies, and a sort of confident security, the result of his hopeful meditations, rendered him careless. He missed his footing, slipped on the slippery path, floundered vainly to recover himself, and fell.

Brentwood had walked on, jerking the boat into motion. Mrs. Brentwood said, 'Oh, Mr. Grenfell, I hope you are not hurt. These banks are so treacherous.'

Joshua answered carelessly, and picked himself up as best he could. He had fallen a little into the rear of the boat, but his eye rested naturally on it and its occupants as he rose, and he saw Miss Latour's head had fallen forward a little, and her shoulders gave one or two spasmodic heaves. It did not dawn upon him all at once. As I said before, his mind was slow in its workings, and so he took it in gradually. She was laughing at him! He mechanically picked up his cap that had fallen from him. Bill had not seen the occurrence. He was lighting his cigar in front. Joshua hastened to join him. He relieved him of the towing-rope and strode along the path beside him. By-and-by, perhaps ten minutes later, he heard the ladies' voices behind him, raised in ordinary tones of conversation. He had no difficulty in distinguishing Miss Latour's voice from among the others, although there were many-voiced pleasure parties passing them at intervals of a few minutes. At every likely halting-place he dreaded hearing Mrs. Brentwood's voice proposing that they should stop. He asked nothing but to be allowed to walk on so for hours. He had got a blow from which it seemed not possible that he could readily recover, although his manhood rejected the notion of going down

before it. When he had walked off the first stunning sensation he cursed himself for not having been more clear-sighted, for having entertained such absurdly delusive hopes. He was not angry with Esther for laughing. Simply the incident had opened his eyes as nothing else could have done. It had showed him the light in which she regarded him. And after all, how else could he have expected to appear in the eyes of a bright, vivacious, young creature like her, than as the prosaic, middle-aged fogey he was? It was a sharp disillusionment, but after the first sting had passed away he was rather grateful than otherwise, as we are grateful for the less calamity that averts the greater. Along with the revelation came the painful thought that he had been bearing himself incongruously. Now that his spirits had been dashed he was dimly conscious that they had been above their ordinary level, and high spirits and age were to his mind incompatible. There is nothing so painful to a sensitive man as the knowledge that he has exhibited himself in a false or ridiculous light.

He was more silent than usual when at last they chose a landing-place and spread the feast, and afterwards at the 'Yews' at dinner, not palpably silent to a man's denser observation, but Mrs. Brentwood noticed it and was vexed.

'Bill,' she said in the evening when they were rid of their guests, 'there is something the matter, and I was so sure things were going smoothly. Have they quarrelled—or what? Mr. Grenfell is silent and Esther is not herself. What is it?'

'I noticed nothing,' returned her husband, 'but my scent is not so keen as yours perhaps. But don't worry your little head. He is probably "screwing his courage to the sticking-point," and that is enough to make most men silent. We are not like you women, remember.'

But Sunday came and went, and Mrs. Brentwood knew instinctively that there had been no progress made—at least in one direction. Joshua left on Monday, leaving his hostess deeply perplexed. As for Esther, she was as convinced as Mrs. Brentwood that somehow things had gone wrong. It was borne in on her in a dim way that she had failed to take the 'tide in her affairs at the flood,' but she was as entirely at a loss as her friend to account for the manner in which she had missed her opportunity. She knew perfectly that she would have to return to the sordid round of the Vicarage, that the chance of becoming Mrs. Grenfell would never be offered her. She had not been worse than many girls. She

would have sold herself, in a sense, it is true—there had never been any question in her heart of love—but she would have sold herself for something better than mere worldly possessions—for opportunities of self-culture, for the benefit of others, those at home in need of something better than limited means could supply.

Joshua went home as usual that evening to De Vere Gardens. When he opened the library door he was struck with the emptiness of the room. He had the desolate feeling that a place once largely peopled and suddenly deserted gives one. Nay, rather it was the blank made by the absence of one dear individual presence that struck a chill to his heart. There are habits of thought so endeared to one, so insidious in their workings as almost to bear the stamp of friends, and the lonely merchant had let seductive thoughts of Esther so intertwine themselves with him as to have become a veritable part of his being, not to be rooted out without sharp pain. To-night it was as if Esther Latour were dead.

For days this impression continued with him. Not for an instant did he attempt to dispel it. He abandoned all thought of proposing to Esther as completely as if she had already rejected his suit.

As time elapsed the impression produced by constant dwelling on one thought did not fade. He continued in imagination to sit among his own creations, or rather the ruins of his creations. By-and-by it became a necessity of his being to reconstruct the shattered fabric—he could not live without it—but not for a single instant did it occur to him to reinstate Miss Latour in the place of honour.

One night he opened a drawer in his desk and took out a packet of letters and papers. They were old and yellow. The ink on them was faded. He selected one and went over it carefully, and when a photograph dropped from the packet, he took it up and adjusted his spectacles carefully on his nose and examined it closely. It was a *carte de visite*, and represented a girl attired in the fashion of twenty-five years ago. She was evidently a handsome girl, with fine dark eyes and clear-cut, almost chiselled features—a combination that had more of the nature of a statue than of the sympathetic soul—and a figure that suggested the lithe, graceful curves of a willow. She had coils of thick waving hair caught high on her head in the fashion of that day.

He studied the face long and earnestly, and a little pathetic-

ally. 'Poor Maria!' he murmured to himself, 'she deserved better things. In these years—twenty-five, can it be?—dear me, a quarter of a century!—I fancy she has not found life a path of roses. And what a handsome, striking girl she was! Miss Latour—she could not hold a candle to her. She deserved a kinder fate, but poverty—there can after all be no more heinous sin against society—that was her undoing, and now to think of her squandering the best years of her life in the drudgery of teaching in the Colonies! I believe I might write to Maria. She and I used to be friends in the old days.'

He put away the packet of letters and the photograph, and he did not write that night. But the picture that had been in his mind's eye these many months was unconsciously undergoing a subtle alteration in regard to the principal detail. The central figure slowly but surely underwent a transformation. The Maria of the photograph took Esther's place, while the other accessories of the picture remained unchanged. He was so taken possession of by one idea that a fortnight had not elapsed before he had written out a well-considered letter to Melbourne, addressing it to Miss Maria Tebbs, and asking her to come home to marry him. He began to feel happier after that, more as he had felt when he had first met Esther Latour. His house seemed less dreamily empty. By an effort of imagination he could even shadow forth Maria's presence in it. It was very singular to think that Maria must be fifty now. Twenty-five and twenty-five was a simple enough sum in addition. He was not appalled by the result. In fact, it rather pleased him to dwell upon it. There could never be any question of disparity between him and Maria, as there had been between him and Miss Latour. The terrible nightmare of that thought would not appear. It was odd to think that had circumstances been favourable he and Maria might have been married twenty-five years before, and have been jogging peacefully all these years along the monotonous path of matrimony—might have even had children to the third generation. Circumstances had not been favourable, but there was to Joshua's thinking a certain fitness of things (his feelings were sensitive after the late smart they had received) in thus taking up the links of the chain where they had been severed.

A. FRASER ROBERTSON.

(To be concluded.)

*WEDDING OF LOUIS XVI.
AND MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1770.*

EDITED BY MRS. SIMPSON.

MR. JOHN MAIR, the writer of the following account of the Dauphin's marriage, was my maternal grandfather. He led an adventurous life. In 1761, when he was only seventeen years old, his friends bought for him a commission as cornet of Dragoons. He went out to India immediately, and took part in all the battles up to 1767, when, after the battle of Buxar, he had the folly to join his brother officers in the mutiny against Lord Clive for arrears of pay, and was consequently dismissed the service. His health had suffered so severely that he did not regret having to return to Europe, which he did in the same ship with Lord Clive and Governor Law. One wonders how they got on!

He was a most inveterate wanderer. He travelled all over the Continent, and kept elaborate journals evidently intended only for his own use, for there is no attempt at eloquence. While describing the countries and the towns he passed through, with every detail, he says very little about people; there is a distressing absence of gossip. We are tantalised by his meeting John Wilkes and his daughter and living with them in Paris, and with Baron Trenck at Spa, but little more is said about them. When he had exhausted the Continent he went to the West Indies, and was so much fascinated by the climate and scenery that he bought an estate in Dominica, which of course turned out ill, for he only visited it at intervals and at last succeeded in selling it. He crossed over from the West Indies to South America and worked his way up to Canada through the United States in the year 1791.

When war was declared between France and England he was obliged to content himself with the British Islands. He travelled over the whole of England, Ireland, and Scotland, mostly on horseback, and sometimes was relieved by highwaymen of his portmanteau. It was a very different mode of travelling from that of the present day, and every town, hamlet, and view is minutely described in his journals.

At length, his daughters having returned from school and his

son from Cambridge, he bought a small estate in Gloucestershire, Iron Acton, which still remains in the family. Here he spent the remainder of his life. Iron Acton is not far from Bath, and thither the family repaired every winter to enjoy the gaieties. My mother used to amuse me by her descriptions of Bath in those its palmy days, when the master of the ceremonies danced a minuet with every *débutante* and Pulteney Street was as crowded as Bond Street in the midst of the London season.

When I was in Bath some years ago, I went over to see Iron Acton, which was interesting to me as the abode of both my grandfathers, for the Rev. John Raven Senior, my father's father, was parson of the parish, while Mr. Mair was the squire. The village looks like a little bit out of an old world. The country round is rather flat, but well-wooded and undulating; its pleasant fields and wide roads bordered with turf make it a capital riding country. There are very few houses; the fine old church is out of proportion to the rest. It has a massive, very high tower; at the top is the head and bust of a man in armour, the hands raised as if in prayer; queer gargoyles with hideous faces jut out in every direction. In 1878 no one had interfered with the high pews within, and it contains many ancient monuments. To me, of course, the most interesting are those to the memory of the Senior family—my great-grandmother, my grandfather and grandmother and aunt. The old parsonage has been replaced by a more ambitious building, but the garden and yew-trees of which I used to hear from the last survivor of that generation still remain. A magnificent avenue of elms, three-quarters of a mile in length, leads up to the 'Lodge,' which is a small and very old Elizabethan house with a square tower, in which my mother used to sit at work while her sister read aloud 'Clarissa Harlowe.' The principal entrance is at the back, and the staircase runs up from the little hall, zigzagging to the doors of the different rooms. On the ground floor is a long narrow parlour, and on the first floor a small drawing-room, whence there is a charming view of the old-fashioned garden, divided from the fields by a ha-ha, and looking down the long straight avenue to the picturesque old church beyond.

Mr. Mair fell a victim to his passion for travelling. He insisted upon going to Paris to see the effects of the Revolution of 1830, and died in my father's house at Hyde Park Gate on his return, from over-fatigue, at the age of eighty-six. His

voluminous journals are valuable as containing authentic accounts of the state of the habitable world in the last century. One of the most interesting passages is the following account of the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

M. C. C. S.

‘Hearing a great talk of the Dauphin’s marriage, I determined to see it, in company with my old friend Captain Henry Myers. Accordingly, on May 3rd, 1770, we set off from London and lay that evening at Lewes, which appears to be a pretty town, and is said to be very agreeable in point of society.

‘We arrived in the afternoon of the next day at Brighthelmstone, from whence a packet sails twice a week for Dieppe. It is a poor fishing town, but since bathing in the sea has become fashionable it is much frequented by good company, who have greatly decorated it with walks and buildings. The downs round about are exceedingly pleasant, and being high, command an extensive view of the sea.

‘We left this place early in the morning and arrived the same evening, after a very agreeable passage, at Dieppe. The entrance into the harbour, which is formed by two piers jutting out into the sea a considerable way, is worth taking notice of, as they secure a small river, where small vessels can lay, from being choked up. The town is poor, mostly inhabited by fishermen, as this is the mart for the Paris market, but the houses are regular and of stone. We set off the next day in a vile two-wheeled carriage, which had almost shook us to pieces before we arrived at Rouen. This is a large city, but not very well built; it is mostly inhabited by merchants and manufacturers, of which they have a considerable number in cotton. There is a very well contrived bridge of boats over the Seine, and ships come up to it from Havre: it is well supplied with fountains. The Cathedral is a fine old building, and commands an extensive view of the country, which is delightfully variegated, and its beauty not a little added to by the serpentine of the Seine, which decreases in breadth above the bridge, and is replete with little verdant islands. We saw here some of the townspeople of Havre, whose dress appeared very singular, though becoming enough.

‘We were persuaded by our host to take the public carriage, which we found to be little better than a cart, and, never changing horses, only gets twenty-four miles per day. Of this we were

not sorry, as it gave us an opportunity of examining the beauties of this charming country. Our road lying mostly by the banks of the Seine, we passed an infinity of country seats, amongst which is that of the President of the Parliament and the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen. The town of Verdun is well fortified and full of bridges. Poissy is a large and well built town; St. Germain is in a fine situation, and its forest is beautiful and well stored with game. In the old palace many of the unfortunate descendants of those who followed James II.'s fortunes live on the trifling income which they have left: amongst them are titles which he liberally bestowed after his abdication.

'We arrived at Paris pretty early on the 12th. On account of the great concourse of strangers to see the Dauphin's marriage, the town was very full and lodgings very dear. The first thing we set about was the making up fit clothes to see the ceremony, visiting the people to whom we were addressed, and renewing old friendships.

'The Dauphiness arrived on Tuesday, the 15th, accompanied by the King and most of the Court. On her way through St. Denis she paid a visit to Madame Louise¹ at the convent there. She lay at the Muette that night, and next morning arrived at Versailles. On the 16th was the marriage ceremony performed by the Archbishop of Rheims. She was very handsomely dressed, with a rich mantle over her shoulders, and her behaviour, so easy, frank, and noble, charmed everyone. The Dauphin seemed to want rousing a little, and the French were not a little piqued at his want of sensibility. After the ceremony was finished the different ambassadors were introduced. The whole court was very richly dressed, nor anyone suffered to appear in the chapel without embroidery.

'At half-past five o'clock the King played at cards, and the court and spectators filed through the apartments to see him. At seven o'clock the opera house was opened for the souper, the stage being boarded over and the boxes replete with most elegant company, and the whole well illuminated. The crowd was so great to get in that the *Cent Suisses* were forced, and rich clothes and embroidery, &c., were flying about in rags, being torn from the wearers. The supper consisted of four courses, and though it seemed rather frugal, was all served on gold plate.

'The etiquette of the seats was as follows: 1. The King—the newly married couple on his right and left. 2. The Counts de

¹ Daughter of Louis XV.

Provence and Artois opposite. 3. Madame and Madame Adélaïde. 4. Mesdames Victoire and Sophie. 5. The Ducs d'Orléans and Chartres. 6. Duchesse de Chartres and Prince de Condé. 7. Prince de Bourbon Condé and Mademoiselle. 8. Comte de Clermont and Prince de Conti. 9. Princess Dowager de Conti and Comte de la Marche. 10. Comtesse de la Marche and Duc de Penthièvre; and lastly the charming widow—the Princesse de Lamballe.

'At eleven o'clock the supper ended, and they proceeded through the suite of apartments. We followed till we reached the Dauphin's apartment, which we filed through and left them. The next day was an opera at Versailles. The third day was the bal paré. The opera was thrown into one vast room richly fitted up and illuminated. The King and court were there; the rest of the spectators in the boxes. I never saw anything more magnificent than the whole appeared; the splendour of dress and beauty had here its full effect. I was on the stage, and took care to get advantageously placed.

'The King and royal family arrived about seven o'clock. The King seated himself in an armchair, the court on stools. The Dauphin and Dauphiness began the ball with a minuet, and were followed by all the family, after which began the contredanses, which lasted till ten o'clock.

'The court, except the King, were all dressed according to the old mode—that is, with two tails to their hair and shoulder-knots; and in dancing the minuet the first side pace was made without turning the back on the King. At ten o'clock the King went to the gallery, when the fireworks began; they were very handsome, but varied little from one another: the illumination of the gardens pleased me much better. On the large canal was a representation of a sea fight, the whole illuminated with small lamps which were fixed to the most minute cords. In the different alleys were all kinds of other amusements—buffoon, comedy, rope dancing, music, &c. The whole city of Paris seemed to have emigrated here, and all appeared perfectly satisfied.

'On Monday the 21st was the bal masqué, to which everyone had free admittance on one of the company's unmasking and giving their name. The great gallery was opened for their reception. The company was very numerous, but I saw few character dresses. I was in a Tartar dress, and thoughtlessly had put on the creese.¹ The King and his suite happening to be at the door

¹ Creese is a Malay dagger.

as I entered, they immediately seized it, and probably would have gone further, but that I was an Englishman ; and the ladies I went with explaining the matter, it caused some little confusion, and it was some time before my company could get the Bastile out of their heads.

‘ On Tuesday, the 29th, the Austrian Ambassador gave his entertainment, which was handsome enough, consisting of a masked ball and supper at his own house. On the 30th was the *Feu d’Artifice* given by the city of Paris. Scaffolding was erected round the *Place Louis XV.* and a balcony made in the *façade*, a temple was erected where the fireworks played, several pillars were also raised in different parts for the illumination, which altogether made a very fine appearance. We had left our coach in the *Place Vendôme*, meaning to pass the *Tuileries* to get to it, and ourselves on foot joined the mob, which was very numerous, for all Paris seemed to be there. The fireworks began to play at half-past nine ; it was a short, but grand sight. On our going to the door of the *Tuileries* we were told it was impossible to pass, and therefore returned to the street that leads to the *Boulevard*, where we found all horror and confusion, for a report having prevailed that the *Boulevard* would be finely illuminated and the King (which was an extraordinary thing) would be himself there, everybody crowded to cross the street opposite to it. The guards had orders not to let the foot-passengers pass till all the coaches should have filed off, and this, which was meant to prevent mischief, was its principal cause ; for some people falling, others trod on them, and they in agony grasping their legs, there was presently a heap of dead or struggling ; the people behind still continuing to push on, coaches were overturned and horses killed. Presently the uproar increased, and the *Maréchal Biron*, who commanded the guards, being wounded in the heel, was with difficulty saved. He ordered the guards to make their way through the crowd and stop up the other end of the street. We arrived just at this juncture, and soon, by passing the bodies of those fallen and hearing the dreadful screams from every side, saw our danger. My friends advised our gaining a scaffolding, which we with great difficulty effected, and, climbing over it, stayed there in security till the crowd had filed off and the dead gathered in heaps. We imagined there had been ten or twelve killed, and were struck with horror when we saw the number. It seems 866 were killed outright, and 200 or 300 more lamed

and bruised, besides those that were pushed into the Seine by the crowd on the quay of the Tuileries, which some say were numerous.

'We got with difficulty to our coach, and to dissipate the gloom caused by the accident on the Place Louis XV. drove round the Boulevards to see the illuminations. Many parts, and especially the squares, were handsome enough, but nothing could be meaner than others, consisting only of a cord across the avenue to which was suspended a lamp. Most of the public-houses on the Boulevards were open, and conduits of wine running for the visitors.

'On the 11th June the Spanish Ambassador gave his entertainment; but as he saw an inconvenience attending its being at his own hotel, he employed Torrey, who kept the Vauxhall on the Boulevard, to give it for him. The fireworks were pretty, and a supper of 600 covers well served; in short, everybody went away well satisfied but those who lost at cards, for there was very high play which did not finish till the next day at noon. There were several operas presented at the new theatre at Versailles, at one of which ("Castor and Pollux") I was. The coup d'œil was admirable, as also the dancing, but the music disagreeable. I saw also a tragedy in which the famous Mlle. Clairon acted with great applause.

'We amused ourselves here very much among our friends and visiting the public buildings, gardens, and the King's country houses. The Palais Royal has a glorious cabinet of paintings, and the Luxembourg contains the famous ones by Rubens. Some of the churches have fine pictures, particularly one of a Magdalene; more beautiful grief I never saw. We had several parties with our friends in the country, and gave a dinner at the Suisse at St. Cloud to them before we went away.

'We were carried by M. St. Martin, formerly Governor of the Mauritius, to see a very extraordinary old woman who had long concealed her rank, having married a soldier of fortune that went to the Mauritius, where she was discovered by Marshal Saxe; it was said she was the widow of that son of the Czar Peter the Great whom he put to death.

'On the 27th June we took our leave of Paris.'

THE MUTINY IN THE 'HERMIONE'

FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS IN THE RECORD OFFICE.

EARLY in September 1797 His Majesty's frigate *Hermione*, of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain Hugh Pigot, put to sea for a cruise from one of the San Domingo ports, which were then occupied by the British. She was accompanied by the little brig *Diligent*, Captain Mends, and at first was very successful. The West Indian seas at this date swarmed with pirates and privateers, who were valuable prizes when taken. The *Hermione* was a particularly fast and smart cruiser, and her captain had a great reputation as a seaman and fighter. One or two good captures were made, and these, as was the custom, were sent off to the nearest British port with small prize-crews, an officer, usually a midshipman, and five or six men.

The prospect of prize money, a great allurements in those days, when a single rich prize might put 20*l.* or 30*l.* into a seaman's pocket, should have contributed to the cheerfulness and zeal of the *Hermione's* crew. But this was the year of the great mutinies in the British fleet, and a spirit of sedition was everywhere abroad. Our officers had to wage a dual warfare, against the French and Spaniards on the one hand, and against the very seamen they commanded on the other. At Plymouth, at Spithead, at the Nore, off Cadiz, and at the Cape there were actual and very dangerous outbreaks. The men complained that they were cheated of their prize-money, that they were miserably fed, and that they were robbed by the pursers who used short measure in issuing rations. This general dissatisfaction was all the more dangerous because of the class of men who were being swept by the press-gangs into the navy. These were bold and desperate privateersmen, but one remove from pirates, and likely to stick at nothing. There were members of Irish secret societies huddled on the lower deck to get them out of mischief's way at home. There were smugglers, there were poachers, and dangerous or suspicious characters deported by the magistrates. There were, withal, very many foreigners in the fleet—Americans, Spaniards, Germans, and even Frenchmen. In the case of the *Hermione*

the mutineers afterwards complained that 'the provisions were of the worst quality,' that they 'were naked from the not having for a long time received any pay.'

In the *Hermione's* crew the admixture of miscreants who, Collingwood tells us, formed a large portion of every British crew was all the more considerable, because she had lately pressed many men from British privateers, and thus the most inflammable and most dangerous element was particularly strong on board her. Captain Pigot's arbitrariness was as the spark to set this tinder ablaze. It is agreed by all who knew him that he was an excessively severe and tyrannical officer, and possibly this fact led the authorities to give him the worst characters in his crew. In extenuation of Pigot's behaviour it must be remembered that he carried his life in his hands, and with such a crew may have felt extreme sternness a necessity. Under such circumstances great precautions were usually taken to prevent the men of the crew from getting arms. Pikes, tomahawks, cutlasses, pistols and muskets were stowed away under lock and key, the gunner or the master-at-arms keeping the keys in his possession. The officers also in these times of danger slept with their arms at their side, so as to render a surprise impossible. This last precaution, however, does not appear to have been taken in the *Hermione's* case. Nor were the marines, who were always to be trusted in mutinies, kept constantly under arms, and near the officers' quarters.

The crew under frequent floggings—for any captain could at this date give four dozen, and Captain Pigot was severe beyond the generality of officers—grew sulky and ill-tempered. There was a slight outbreak on September 18 or 19, when Pigot placed several of his men in irons, and threatened to send three for trial by court-martial on the charge of mutiny. If tried, under the circumstances of that time, a verdict of guilty, and a sentence of three hundred or five hundred lashes were to be confidently expected. This was as terrible as death itself—perhaps even more terrible. The captain, however, ended by punishing the three with a mild flogging, which was administered on the day of the mutiny. On September 20, in the evening, according to the story afterwards told by the mutineers, the crew were reefing topsails. Pigot fancied that the men aloft were slow and sulky, and shouted that he would flog the last man off the yard. A desperate scramble to get down followed; two men lost their hold and fell to the deck. They were killed by the fall. Captain Pigot is said to

have turned away from their bodies with the savage remark, 'Throw the lubbers overboard.'

If this story is true, and from certain facts which came out afterwards I am inclined to think it is, as the men complained of the 'severe treatment and chastisement which they met with from the captain and certain of the officers,' Pigot was giving terrible provocation.¹ Already letters had been secretly addressed by the *Hermiones* to the crew of the *Diligent*, urging them to rise on their officers. On this night of the 20th a plot to seize the *Hermione* was hatched, and it was decided to carry it into effect at once.

At the last moment the hearts of the mutineers failed them, and they resolved to postpone their attempt till the next evening, the 21st. They appeared to have gained over the master-at-arms, and so to have obtained access to the weapons carried on board. In their ranks were all the best and most active members of the crew, the petty officers, and most of the able seamen. Meantime the unfortunate officers were quite unconscious of the extraordinary danger which hung over their heads. On the 21st the *Hermione* and *Diligent* were in chase of a hostile privateer. As night came on the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Fanshaw, and the master's mate, a man named Turner, took their place on the frigate's quarter deck. There was a distinct piece of ill-luck in the fact that the master, Southcott, had been injured by the fall of a man from aloft—possibly by one of the two men who had been killed on the 20th. Southcott was loyal, but it would appear that Turner, and the surgeon's mate, a man named Cronin, who held 'republican' convictions, were with the mutineers.²

In the frigate's tops were huddled several seamen who knew what was going to happen, but who wished to have no part or parcel in the mutiny. They did not dare to warn the officers, and they lay shivering and eagerly watching the deck. Soon after ten Captain Pigot paid a visit to Southcott, who was lying ill in his cabin, and then turned in. The frigate was left in darkness on deck and between decks, the only lights burning being one in the bosun's cabin and probably another by the captain's cabin door.

¹ We get a glimpse of the kind of brutality practised by the *Hermione* officers at Southcott's trial for cruelty and oppression to a purser in 1802. Southcott confined the purser in his cabin, and ordered the carpenter to nail up the door and gag the purser with a pump-bolt. He also instructed a sentry to 'prick him with a bayonet.' The verdict, however, was 'not proven.'

² That officers should take part in such a plot may seem extraordinary. But in the great Nore mutiny the leader, Parker, was an ex-midshipman.

At this time the men in the main-top were ordered to go down to the foc'sle by one of the mutineers. They went down and found several men drinking and swearing that 'they were not fit to go through *with it*,' then slunk away and regained their place in the main-top, out of harm's way. That such disorderly drinking and loud talking were permitted when in chase of an enemy, shows that our discipline, if excessively strict in certain respects, was lax enough in others.

Soon after five bells, at 10.30 p.m., the mutiny and massacre began. At Captain Pigot's cabin-door there was a marine sentinel.¹ In the dim light a number of armed men stole forward, and were upon the marine before he could offer any resistance. He was cut across the cheek with a cutlass, stunned, and thrown down; and in a moment the door was forced. Pigot, as his enemies burst in, leapt from his bed, armed only with his dirk. The mutineers fell upon him with their cutlasses and tomahawks, and the sound of heavy blows and of shouts for help awakened the other officers near at hand. In the hope that some of the men might declare for him the captain, whilst defending himself bravely, called for his bargemen and asked 'Is everyone against me?' His bargemen were amongst his most determined assailants. 'Here are your bargemen, you —; what do you want with them?' one answered. Another, his coxswain, a man named Forrester, rushed at him and gave and received a stab. Seeing the man's face the unhappy Pigot cried, 'What you, Forrester, are you against me too?' for he had treated this wretch with great kindness. Pigot was forced back by repeated blows to a gun on which he was seen leaning, covered with blood. He appears to have acted with gallantry and to have disdained all entreaties for mercy till he saw that resistance was utterly hopeless. But when he asked for grace, his men showed him none. They closed on him, drove him to one of the cabin windows, and still raining blows upon him hove him overboard. He was heard to utter a cry as he went astern in the water, but more than one man boasted of having dealt him his death-wound before he was flung from the window.

Meantime the sentry recovered consciousness. He was found lying on the deck by one of the captain's servants who was not

¹ He appears to have had no firearms. He was undoubtedly loyal, and with a musket or a pair of loaded pistols might even at this last moment have saved the ship. Probably he had only a cutlass.

concerned in the mutiny. His face was bound up with all haste, and the two ran shudderingly on deck to tell the officer of the watch what was proceeding below. It must be said that it is extraordinary to discover that all the noise of the scuffle which was going on in the captain's cabin had provoked no comment and caused no alarm on deck. But now the sentry and the servant burst upon Lieutenant Fanshaw and the master's mate with the news that the captain was being murdered. On this Fanshaw ordered the mate to go below and see what was happening. The mate insolently replied, 'Go below yourself.' Grasping the greatness of the danger Fanshaw next turned to the man at the wheel, and ordered him to put the helm over, and wear the ship, so as to bring her close to the *Diligent*. From the very first it will be seen the officers despaired of holding down the crew without help, which again shows that the *Hermione* must have been in a very parlous condition. The man at the wheel answered 'he would see the lieutenant further first.' Fanshaw immediately knocked him down, and there was a shout for help. At this a dozen dark figures or more, all armed, tore forward from the foc'sle, fell on the lieutenant, and made him a prisoner. They were not at first inclined to treat him with severity. They took hold of him and told him to go forward with Turner, when his life should be spared.

All hope of external help had thus passed from the officers. By the cruellest irony the *Diligent* was within sight, though no one on board her, except perhaps a few malcontents amongst the seamen, knew what a tragedy was being enacted in the *Hermione*. So long as the mutineers were in possession of the latter's deck no signals for assistance could be made. Great care had been taken by the murderers not to use firearms, which must have given the alarm.

The centre of interest passes from the upper deck to the *Hermione's* main deck, where fresh atrocities were being perpetrated. The news that the captain had been thrown overboard was greeted with loud cheers and cries, 'Hughy is overboard: the ship is ours!' Further concealment was unnecessary; the mutineers could now act openly. Had they held their hands after the murder of Pigot we might have confessed that, after all, it was only a just retribution which had overtaken the unhappy man. But the thirst for blood had been provoked and not satisfied.

The master, Southcott, had awakened at the noise in the

captain's cabin. He was startled by 'a sound of dismal crying,' and at once jumped out of bed, went out of his cabin into the gun-room, got on the gun-room table, as he heard the noise of several men talking outside the gun-room door, and strove to climb through a skylight overhead. When he put his head and hands up through the skylight, the mutineers above saw him and struck him heavily with a handspike. He fell back, half-stunned, but quickly recovering seized his sword and knocked at the second lieutenant's and purser's cabins, which seemingly opened into the gun-room. He got no answer. Thinking resistance hopeless, he hid his sword and went back to bed, waiting to see what would happen. He heard the sinister cry, 'Hughy is overboard!' and the crowd of men gathered at the gun-room door shouting for lights to get out the officers. Amongst the din of voices he could make out several urging that all the officers should be killed. Presently the mutineers burst in. They dragged off one or two of the officers, though the second lieutenant could not be found. They came into Southcott's cabin and told him he should not be harmed, but placed sentries over him. The first lieutenant had been wounded early in the mutiny—how and when exactly we are not told, except that he was cut over the head with a tomahawk. The mutineers, however, said they were sorry he was hurt, promised to spare his life, and brought the surgeon to him, in charge of an armed sentry, to sew up his head. They also brought the surgeon to Southcott, who would seem to have been severely injured by the blows which had been dealt him.

Outside the gun-room, Midshipman Casey was sleeping in his hammock, when he too was awakened by the infernal uproar. A mere boy, he jumped out of his hammock and tried to go on deck, but was warned to hide below or he would be killed. He caught a glimpse of figures rushing in the semi-darkness towards the captain's cabin; he heard the heart-breaking cries for help. Unarmed, and unable to find anyone who was offering any resistance, he attempted to enter the gun-room, but was not allowed by the party of men at the door to do so. He got back into his hammock and lay quiet, till some one shook him violently and asked who he was. He answered the question, and was told his life would be spared, but was advised to go to some safer place. Just as he was preparing to follow this advice his blood was curdled by a terrible spectacle. The second lieutenant, Douglas, who had been found hiding in the lieutenant of marine's cabin, ran past in

his night-shirt, shrieking for mercy and pursued by several of the mutineers, who were cutting furiously at him. An instant later Midshipman Smith, a boy of fourteen, followed. The horrible savages who had got possession of the ship struck at them, dragged them up the after-hatchway by the hair of their heads, using them, as Casey tells us, 'like dogs,' and flung them overboard. Casey expected every instant that his turn would come next. Probably he owed his life to the fact that he had been flogged by Captain Pigot and suspended from duty. Smith was certainly killed by a man whom he had caused to be punished. The carpenter and gunner had lost all self-control, and sat moaning in their cabins, preparing for death.

On deck, Fanshaw was still a prisoner. The party, in whose keeping he was, asked what they should do with him. The answer of the ringleaders was the inevitable 'Heave him overboard!' He begged hard for mercy—begged that he might at least be given till daylight, hoping, perhaps, that then he might communicate with or swim off to the *Diligent*. His entreaties were refused, though he pleaded that he had a wife and three children absolutely dependent on him, and though the men confessed that he had never hurt them.¹ The inhuman wretches forced him out of the main-chains, raining blows on his head. Making a desperate bid for life, he slipped down to a gun which was run out of a port below, and climbed in by it on to the main deck, his face streaming with blood. Some of the mutineers pitied him and were inclined to mercy. 'Let him come in,' they said, 'and hear what he has to say.' The lieutenant, as an eye-witness of this dreadful scene records, 'clasped his hands and said, "Good God, men! what have I done to harm you that I should be treated in this manner?"' But at this moment one or two of the ringleaders rushed on him with the words, 'You —— Fanshaw; are you not overboard yet? Overboard you must go, and overboard you shall go.' They dragged him to the gangway, and, as they put it in their ruffians' slang, 'launched him.'

At this point ends the first stage of the mutiny. Horrible, quite unjustifiable as had been the murders of Douglas, Fanshaw, and Smith, to say nothing of Pigot, the mutineers could at least

¹ In Forrester's confession the first lieutenant, and not Fanshaw, is said to have thus pleaded for his life. But comparing the different accounts I am inclined to think that a mistake was made by whoever took down his confession, or that both the lieutenants begged in much the same terms for mercy.

urge that their victims had been killed in hot blood. For what was to follow there was no possible justification. The purser, surgeon, first lieutenant, boatswain, carpenter and gunner were confined in the gun-room, under armed sentries. Southcott still lay in his cabin. Casey was now dressing hastily. He was to experience the torture of prolonged suspense after all the sights and trials of the struggle between decks. Having dressed he went on deck, where he found extreme disorder. Apparently two parties in the crew were disputing as to whether or no the rest of the officers were to be put to death. It was Cronin's advice that decided the dispute. Casey, before the dreadful issue was determined, went below and visited the unhappy prisoners in the gun-room. There were constant shouts of 'Kill the purser! kill the surgeon! kill Southcott!' so that the poor boy can have had but little hope of life.

Meanwhile Cronin mustered the crew round the after-hatchway, and read to them a paper which had been prepared beforehand. Cronin is an Irish name, and this deliberate massacre, planned and organised methodically, suggests and recalls the most striking features of certain Irish agrarian crimes about this date. But, on the other hand, the names of the chief mutineers—Leach,¹ Nash, Poulson, Forrester, Slushing, Marks, Mansell, Murray, and Mitchell—are English, and Redmond, an unmistakable Irishman, did his best to restrain the ferocity of his comrades. It may be association or imagination, but one has a feeling, after reading the minutes of the numerous courts-martial on the mutineers, that Cronin was at the bottom of the whole affair.

He now administered an extraordinary oath to the crew. All bound themselves to keep the past a dead secret, and no man of the *Hermione* was ever to recognise a shipmate. He proceeded to point out the advantages of killing off the rest of the officers. Dead men told no tales. 'The people,' he said, according to an eye-witness, 'were doing a very good thing, and every officer should be put to death.' The uproar broke out again. The party of violence amongst the crew gained the upper hand, and furious shouts for the purser and surgeon to be handed out broke in upon the miserable prisoners. It was now about midnight when the

¹ This man had a curious history. He had repeatedly deserted, but was otherwise of good conduct. Pigot forgave him on one occasion; on another the man came back to Pigot of his own accord, and so pleased his captain that he was made a petty officer.

murderers returned to their work. A large party of men burst into the gun-room. Southcott and Casey have told us what followed. Casey was actually in the gun-room talking to the doomed men. First the purser, then the surgeon, first lieutenant, lieutenant of marines, captain's clerk and boatswain were handed out of the room, savagely struck with tomahawks and cutlasses, passed up the hatchway, and 'hove overboard.' Additional horror may well be felt at the murder of the lieutenant of marines, as he was delirious with fever, and had to be passed up in a blanket. Meantime the crew was shouting 'As Hughy is overboard, they all shall go!' It was the carpenter's and gunner's turn to follow on deck. They were passed up, but the murderous arms were wearying, and there were cries of 'Enough bloodshed.' It was decided to spare for a time these two officers with Southcott and Casey.

Southcott was called upon again and again to narrate the events of that most terrible night in after days, when justice overtook the murderers. His accounts never disagree, though each version gives some fresh fact. He tells us that he spent three hours resigned to death, still hearing constant clamour for his life. In the morning he was taken on deck and placed upon the gratings, to which in Captain Pigot's days so many of the crew had been tied up for flogging. Casey, the carpenter, and the gunner were there also, helpless as was Southcott. The whole crew was assembled to witness their punishment. But the sight of a young boy and of a sick man—for Southcott had not yet recovered from his injuries—perhaps, also, the lamentations of the bo'sun's wife, once more touched the hearts of the less murderously inclined amongst the crew. A man stood up and said that 'enough had been killed,' and urged that a vote should be taken whether the lives of the survivors should be spared.

Fiction cannot invent a more thrilling scene. In the foreground, the men whose lives were at stake, lying on the deck, bound to the gratings. About them the savage bronzed faces of the mutineers; the handful of men who were secretly loyal, trembling for the prisoners; the sneering visages of Turner and Cronin; and the yet fresh stains of blood. Above, the burning sun of the tropics. Far away, on one hand the little *Diligent*, ignorant that the *Hermione* was now a deadly enemy, on the other the flying privateer, which both ships were still chasing. The vote was given: by a great majority the crew decided that the lives of

the surviving officers should be spared. Southcott, Casey, and their companions were taken below, placed under sentries; and the mutineers debated how to deal with the *Diligent*. Some, it would seem, were for openly attacking her, and for carrying her by main force. Her crew had resisted all mutinous overtures, but would be taken unprepared. Still, even allowing for her great inferiority in strength, a victory over determined British seamen, led by officers of known valour, was not likely to be achieved by a vessel manned with a crew of mutineers, quarrelling amongst themselves, and without capable officers to lead. Moreover some of the *Hermione's* men had held aloof from the mutiny; the marines in particular were faithful, and these would certainly turn upon the murderers if chance offered. That night, in thick and gloomy weather, the *Hermione* solved the question by stealing away from her consort. She put her helm up for the Spanish port of La Guayra, and for a month nothing was heard of her by the British. It was supposed that she had either foundered at sea or been taken by the enemy.

As a matter of fact, the mutineers with wanton wickedness placed her in the hands of the Spaniards, with all her secret papers, private signals, signal books, and instructions. They stipulated that they were to be regarded as Spanish subjects, and to receive twenty-five dollars apiece. They had already divided up Captain Pigot's and the officers' effects, so that they obtained considerable plunder by their crime. They drank and fought the whole time during the voyage to La Guayra, and there was not a day on which the lives of the surviving officers were not demanded. A seaman who dared to stand up for the prisoners was wounded and barely escaped with his life. The *Hermione* became a Spanish frigate, and received a Spanish captain and crew. Of the Britishers on board her, Southcott, Casey, the carpenter, gunner, cook, and eight or ten seamen and marines surrendered themselves as prisoners of war to the Spanish commandant of the port. Others who wished to surrender were prevented by the mutineers from doing so.

The first certain information of the mutiny reached the *Diligent* through a Spanish prize on October 20. The following was Captain Mends' official letter to his admiral:—'By the master of a Spanish schooner, which I captured on October 20, to windward of Alta Villa . . . I am informed that the *Hermione* arrived at La Guayra on the 26th of last month, at 3 P.M.,

having been run away with by her crew, who, not content with such atrocity, added to it the most horrible of human actions, a general indiscriminate slaughter of their captain and officers, excepting the surgeon and one of the master's mates, who concealed themselves; most of the marines, six women, and in all about forty souls.' Informed of the attempt to seduce the *Diligent's* crew, Captain Mends mustered his men and told them the story. With true British pluck they answered him 'that they would have retaken the *Hermione* or died to a man alongside her' had they known of the mutiny, and this though the *Diligent* had only sixteen guns to the frigate's thirty-two.

The British admiral on the station at once addressed to the Spanish governor of La Guayra a demand for the surrender of the mutineers as pirates and felons. We were at war with Spain, but by international courtesy such miscreants should have been given up to justice. The Spaniard refused to comply with the request, but the arm of British naval power was in that day a very long one. Early in 1798 four mutineers were taken in a French privateer. They were tried by court-martial and all hanged in chains. Some strange doom seems to have brooded over the heads of all who sailed in this ship, for, from the depositions and dying confessions of mutineers afterwards arrested and executed, two of the four were innocent. One of them, indeed, unknown to Southcott, had saved him by standing sentry over him. A few weeks later another batch was taken, amongst them Leach, one of the ringleaders. One man of this batch was in the maintop all through the night of the mutiny, and turned King's evidence. Three out of the four were hanged. Others were captured, tried, and condemned at various times and in various places. Nash, one of the guiltiest, took refuge in the United States, was surrendered as a deserter, was identified, and duly hanged. Miller, another ringleader, escaped to Charleston, and was not given up by the American authorities, though a reward of 200*l.* had been offered for each of the mutineers. He could not, however, cheat the gallows. Shipping in an American merchantman he was pressed at Malta into the British frigate *Minerve*, in 1801; was recognised, denounced and hanged. Redmond and two others were captured in a Spanish privateer off Lisbon. A man named Duncan shipped in a Danish brig from La Guayra to Santa Cruz, but was there seized as a deserter and mutineer, and sent to Copenhagen. After two years of imprisonment he was executed. Another mutineer

entered on board a French privateer, and when she captured a British brig was assigned as one of the prize crew to work the brig into a friendly port. On the way, however, the prize was overtaken by a British cruiser and recaptured. The man was identified and hanged. Thus the tale of vengeance proceeds. Finally Forrester, the captain's murderer, was seen in the streets of Portsmouth by a man who had served in the *Hermione*, was pointed out, seized, and brought to trial. The minutes of the court-martial which condemned him will be found in the 'Naval Chronicle.' A curious, but quite mythical, tale is told by Osler, the biographer of Pellew, Lord Exmouth, in connection with this trial. According to the story, Pellew was so impressed with the necessity of making a terrible example, that he insisted that the condemned man should be executed instantly, at an hour's notice; and a telling picture is drawn of the culprit's agony and fear when he heard this savage sentence. But, as a matter of fact, Pellew was not present at the court-martial, and the tale is probably the figment of some sensation-monger. Forrester, after his sentence, confessed that he had been a principal in most of the murders, and that but for him the unhappy Fanshaw would never have been put to death.

If I have dwelt at such length upon so terrible a story, it is because this mutiny throws into strong relief the internal danger which our officers had to combat in the earlier stages of the war with France. There are three or four instances of plots to murder the officers and carry off ships to our enemies, but in this case only was such a plot carried out with success. Captain Pigot and his officers neglected many important precautions, and, if the truth must be acknowledged, acted feebly at the critical moment. The history of our navy has several instances to show of a handful of officers resisting with success a mutinous crew. If a bold front is offered, the waverers and the timid will always range themselves on the side of authority.

Of the fate of Turner, who assumed command of the *Hermione* after she was seized by the mutineers, I cannot yet speak with certainty. So far as my researches go amongst the records of our navy, he was not taken. Cronin, too, appears to have escaped the vengeance of his country. There is some doubt as to whether a midshipman did not join the mutineers, since a midshipman, named Wiltshire, is said by one of the informers to have known of the mutiny two or three days before it broke out, to have kept

this knowledge to himself, and to have been in one of the tops when the murders were committed. We are told that he was saved from the slaughter. He certainly did not give himself up at La Guayra as did the other innocent officers, and he is not mentioned in the evidence given before the various courts-martial. But, owing to the loss of the *Hermione* papers and books his presence on board is a point which cannot be definitely determined. We may say with certainty that all the other ringleaders expiated their treason and blood-guiltiness with death.

The story of the *Hermione* is not yet told. Two years after the mutiny this ship, with a crew of nearly 400 men, under the shelter of forts and batteries mounting 200 guns, fully prepared and on her guard, was cut out by Captain Hamilton of the *Surprise*, with 100 British seamen in boats. This was one of the most heroic and most extraordinary feats of the whole war. It seems to show that Nelson's proud boast is true, and that 'there is nothing to which Englishmen are not equal when they are gallantly led.' The incidents of this remarkable enterprise may be studied in any naval history. Moral indignation, and the resolve at all costs to retake a ship which had passed so shamefully into the hands of the Spaniards, may help to explain a success of such unprecedented brilliance. It is a fact that, whilst the British forlorn hope lost only twelve wounded, not less than 119 of the Spaniards were killed, and nearly as many wounded. Renamed, first *Retaliation*, and then *Retribution*, this ship, which has so tragic a history, was restored to our triumphant navy.

H. W. WILSON.

CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN.

VI.

A STANDARD OF GENTILITY—A COLLEGE GAUDY—THE INFLUENCE OF NATURAL SCIENCE UPON MANNERS—CAXTON'S 'BOOK OF COURTESY.'

JOURNEYING inside an omnibus, the roof being full of women, on a recent visit to town, I could not but overhear my *vis-à-vis*, who was one of nature's ladies, expatiating in a loud whisper upon the merits of some person of my own sex. The crowning encomium was this:—'My dear, he was a perfect gentleman; his hands were as white as milk.' This with an (I hope) involuntary glance at *my* hands, hot and dusty with turning over books in old book shops, and conscious of their lack of gloves. A phantom procession of milk-white gentlemen began flitting through my brain—Jonson's Court Butterfly, Pope's Sporus, Aucassin—then a too popular advertisement flashed into memory with the amendment, 'Pink Pills for Perfect Gentlemen,' and I must have smiled; for nature's lady, perhaps thinking herself caught in an indiscretion, flushed as pink as my hands. How interesting all these standards of gentility are! I remember a friend telling me that once on her way home from her dressmaker's, when two girls had overtaken and passed her in the street, she heard one say to the other, 'I took her for a lydy from her back, but she's got a coting on her dress.' Plainly, then, in the view of this class of the community, to be gentle is to be like the lilies of the field, whose complexion is white, and who neither toil nor spin; a very natural and pathetic ideal for them.

On the day of this experience a letter reached me from my old College at Oxford, bidding me to a feast. Such invitations I have in former years declined, I can hardly say why; certainly not from any lack of patriotism or respect for the Dons of my house, or the University. I should never dream of referring to these as Tennyson does, in that section of *In Memoriam* which describes a visit to Cambridge:

And all about
The same gray flats again.

But somehow, when I have by chance met them, I have found myself at a stand for topics. 'What are you engaged upon now?' seems a dull and conventional query, and even if they took me into confidence, and replied, 'A MS. of Babrius,' I could only reply, 'Ah! Babrius.' But on this occasion, whether it was from a desire to investigate the relations between paleness and gentility, or from some deeper, unconscious reason, I accepted; only I avoided the necessity of a room in college by proposing myself to a friend whom the process of time has raised to some eminence in the University. The first moment of any notable importance in the visit was the scrutiny of the diagrams hung by the porter's lodge, setting forth the tables and places of the guests. I was told afterwards that the arrangement of this plan had cost the Dean of the College many anxious days and sleep-broken nights. First, the Calendar had to be consulted, to make sure that contemporaries were placed together, for a generation in university life is but three or four years. Then there was the effort to recollect who used to be friends, and whether they had since had any public quarrel. Happily I found myself well neighboured. Meanwhile, on all sides, I heard: 'Don't you recognise me?' 'Is it X.?' (sometimes '*Can it be X.?*') and then the slightly pained 'Of course.' I was delighted that I had come, though I should have been even better pleased to have watched the scene unobserved. It was extraordinary how through the uninteresting face of a perfect stranger there would break suddenly the unmistakable likeness of an old companion—'the same, yet not the same—' whom it was a rejuvenescence to welcome. I was wondering how it was that I alone had escaped this defeat of Time, when I was rudely undeceived. 'I have been puzzling ever so long,' said a voice, 'to make out who the dickens *you* could be; and then I saw your ear twitch, and I said it must be old ——' (giving me a nickname I had not heard for a quarter of a century). 'Do you remember how I poured the water-jug over your head that morning you wouldn't get up, when we were going to ——?' And then followed a chain of reminiscences in Miss Bates's most associational manner, as we walked through the quadrangle to hall. Then presently, 'Have you generalised yet? You wouldn't be old —— if you haven't generalised.' 'Well,' I said, 'I haven't been here much more than ten minutes; but, as far as I have seen, I should say the diplomatists have changed least—I suppose their profession obliges them to treat their face

as a mask and avoid all superfluous play of emotion; the lawyers have all fattened—that would come naturally from eating terms; and the clergy have grown grey and careworn, no doubt from the cares of the other world and the deceitfulness of poverty.'

The dinner was excellent—was it perhaps because cooking at the universities is still a tradition, and is not yet promoted into the rank of a fine art, like painting and poetry, with professors and lectures? I would willingly print the bill of fare were there not a risk that it might fall into the clutches of some Radical editor, not a university man, who would agitate for a new commission to investigate the expenditure upon college Gaudies. If such an agitation were ever started, it would be best met, in my opinion, by a proposal to confer degrees *ex officio* and *honoris causa*, upon all editors of journals, and so admit them within the range of the genial influences that radiate from every college buttery. An American visitor—and Oxford in the Long Vacation is a New America—had stopped me, a few minutes before, outside the College Hall, arrested by what he described as 'the cunning smell from the kitchen,' and put many questions about ways and means, which I answered in as much detail as I could, being pleased with his epithet; and quite of his view as to the tempting power of

Meats of noblest sort

And savour, beasts of chace, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd
Gris-amber-steam'd.

I have always thought that the most dehumanising office open to civilised man is that of archdeacon; but I have seen even an archdeacon so far reconciled to humanity by the insinuating smell of a college Gaudy as to fling a ballad afterwards to the brightening moon. I did not forget, before going home that night, to give a glance round to see how far the evening's society would warrant my lady's judgment that pallor was a sign of gentle birth, and I am pretty sure that a poll would have returned a plain negative; on the other hand I am bound to admit that, as I met the company in chance ones and twos the next morning, I thought there might be something in it. I felt a little pale myself.

In two days was to come the Encænïa, and, as my host was hospitable, and the interval afforded an opportunity of visiting some of the many libraries, I determined to remain. In Queen's Library, which was new to me—a magnificent building, with a plaster ceiling and much Gibbons carving—I flitted many hours

carelessly. Here, as long as a very polite senior Fellow could occupy himself at my elbow, I was allowed to delectate my hands with turning over the first four folios of Shakespeare and a 'Paradise Lost' of the first title-page; and when other duties called him away I was graciously allowed the run of the Theology without surveillance. The book that most attracted my cupidity was a little manual of devotions compiled by Cosin for the Protestant ladies of Henrietta Maria's court, in order that they might have a book to hold in their hands, and not be out-faced by the French Catholic ladies with their 'Horæ.' I observed that, while the tomes of St. Thomas were kept carefully free from dust, those of his antagonist Duns were left to the decoration of the spiders. I was a little surprised that the controversy between these two schools of divinity should still persist, even in Oxford; and of course the presence of spiders' webs may have been merely a complimentary emblem appropriate to the *Doctor subtilis*. In the Bodleian, while studying the curiosities in Duke Humphrey's Library, it was my chance to become something of a curiosity myself. A royal party was in act of being conducted round by the librarian, and as the functionary passed me he said, with a wave of the arm, 'These are students engaged in research,' or some such phrase. I did my best, for the honour of the University, to give in to the illusion—pushing it, in fact, so far as to ask a question of one of the gentlemen who sit in little cabinets and put their learning at the service of inquirers. But I found this was going too far. With exquisite politeness, after cautioning me to speak lower, the learned gentleman made a note of my question, looked at it, turned it inside out, and showed me that in many places it would not hold water, if, indeed, it was not altogether futile. I was much struck and interested, amongst other things, by the employment of children in this ancient library to fetch the books for the readers. It seemed, in Milton's phrase, to 'smooth the raven down' of the Dark Ages till they smiled. I was much interested, also, to see two learned gentlemen enter, within a few minutes of each other, who were engaged at the moment in an animated but perfectly polite controversy in the weekly press; and it occurred to me that the conditions of life in Oxford must make for courtesy in polemics, as it might easily happen that the combatants would have to forge their missiles cheek by jowl in adjoining compartments of this great war magazine.

The Encaenia, from the circumstance already referred to of the visit of a royal party, and also from the fact that Mr. Cecil Rhodes had proposed himself to receive an honorary degree conferred upon him at some pre-Raidial epoch, was very largely attended; and for the same reason it has been very largely described in the papers, so that I need not venture an amateur description. I will but touch on one or two things that specially impressed me. The first was the 'too, too solid' (and 'sallied') flesh of my brethren Masters of Arts in the area (I had almost written arena) of the Sheldonian Theatre. Access to this was allowed, at the time I entered, only by a single door at the side. A passage had been roped off from the great doors, the whole length of the theatre, for the Vice-Chancellor's procession to his throne, and on the further side of this there was only a sprinkling of Masters, who had been admitted earlier by the door at the opposite side to me. Unfortunately the crowd of Masters who thronged in at the same door as myself could see this comparative emptiness, but could not see the gulf fixed between; and so they were for ever urging us to press forward, while we as urgently entreated them to keep back. At last a certain professor, of great brawn, with a sensibility impaired by the immolation of many generations of butterflies, uttered a barbarian shout, and thrust into the seething magisterial mass, followed in the ample wake by the head of one of the Nonconformist colleges. The panic was awful. A lady, who looked down upon the sea of faces from the gallery above, told me afterwards that for the first time in her life she saw and realised what was meant by the mingled tragic passion of pity and fear upon human faces (most of the Masters being trained in the classical school). Two of the less stalwart fainted, and were helped out of the press; one swarmed up a pillar into the ladies' gallery; the rest swayed like a sea, giving and receiving pressure upon all hands. I, who had steered myself by good luck into a backwater, found myself covered with much academical flotsam of caps and gowns. At this point a curator of the theatre addressed us from the pulpit, begging us to be cool, and promising if we would be good Masters that he would admit some of us at the opposite door into the quiet stations beyond; and by the withdrawal of many on this promise, and many more who made it a pretext to retire altogether, we regained some composure—especially as the air was now full of dust, which, as Virgil says, is the best sedative for angry

passions. But if I shut my eyes I can still see the picture on the theatre ceiling, upon which they were so long fixed as I tried to keep my mouth above the crowd.

It is a familiar observation that nothing tends so much to self-control as the sight of agitation in others; and so it happened that the loss of balance among the Masters provoked an exemplary decorum, a somewhat pained decency of demeanour, on the part of the undergraduates in the gallery. There were no mad eccentricities, followed by mad dashes of the Proctor, as in my youth. The young men sat as if at a concert, and listened in silence not only to the Newdigate poem—a silence prescribed by custom and good feeling, for any undergraduate might in his inexperience be guilty of a Newdigate poem—but they listened also to the Professor of Poetry, a thing without example in the days when I was an undergraduate. Another noticeable difference from earlier times was that the wit seemed to be organised. It is the custom at Oxford, as all the world knows, for the undergraduates to pelt the recipients of honorary degrees with good-humoured ridicule; but all the smart sayings at this year's *Encænna* were delivered by one or two young gentlemen evidently chosen for the clearness of their articulation. This may always have been the rule, and my disillusionment as to the spontaneity of the thing may be merely that of the grown person at a pantomime. I should allow that the jests were none the worse, and probably much the better, for being elaborated at home; and the audience, notably the royal party, were not wanting in appreciation. This taking of degrees must be a severe ordeal for a person of distinction troubled with nerves; even heroes have been known to blench and falter at the prospect of confronting the chartered libertinisms of young England; and on this occasion one gentleman, understood to be willing to face the music generally, looked pale and flabby as he entered, and grew conspicuously more erect, and solid, and master of his fate as he found the preponderance of cries in his favour.

In the evenings I dined with my host. The conversation was curiously different from the more general talk at the Gaudy, being more epigrammatic, but restricted within a narrower circle of topics. Over the wine the guests were amused by some of Lewis Carroll's puzzles, stored in Common Room as a mild digestive, such as the problem: 'If a rope over a pulley had a monkey at one end and an equivalent weight at the other, and the monkey began to climb, would the weight rise or fall?' There

were many more or less veracious anecdotes told as to the secret history of the Oxford movement to sufflamine Mr. Rhodes. One gentleman related, on the very highest authority, that a most distinguished personage had threatened to leave the theatre if the senior Proctor vetoed the degree. Another gentleman knew for a fact that Lord Kitchener had said *privately* to Mr. Rhodes, 'Don't forget, Rhodes, that I have a sword under my gown if it is wanted'—a tale that excited the imagination of the most prosaic. Other stories were more ostentatiously academic and apocryphal, as that Dr. Shadwell had prepared himself with South's quip upon the general who accidentally turned his back when being presented for his degree, and was introduced as 'Hunc bellicosissimum, qui nunquam antea tergiversatus est.' Lord Kitchener's bearing, it was added, was so correct that the witticism could not be introduced.

To return to the question, from which I digressed, as to standards of gentility. It would be difficult, and, I venture to think, impossible, to find one that could be universally applied. A lady at an hotel, in a story of Mr. Meredith's, was convinced of the gentility of a new arrival because she overheard him ordering a cold bath. That was evidently a standard only for a moment; for baths were once unknown, and now they are found even in semi-detached villas of the baser sort. Again, there is the standard of dress, but it is notorious that a seat in the House of Peers gives a man a right to dress as ill as he pleases; and this summer, even in Piccadilly, people who would not willingly outrage convention have been wearing straw hats. Or there is the standard of table manners. There is a traditional Oxford tale of a freshman from a remote and backward province who ate his peas with a knife, and was rebuked by a senior in the words, 'Don't juggle here, sir.' But again, one cannot move from dinner-table to dinner-table without observing that eccentricity in feeding is pushed by some enthusiasts even to indecorum. Or there is the standard of courtesy, but courtesy is always now written with the epithet 'old-fashioned.' Or, once more, there is the standard of tact, which Cardinal Newman celebrates in a famous passage; but there are crowds of gentlemen without a solitary grain of tact. The truth would seem to be wrapped up in the word 'breeding,' and breeding always carries with it direction in all such matters—only such directions bear fruit in various degrees and proportions. No man is well-bred in all points—'no man but Lancelot, and he is dead.'

There comes a point different in each case where selfishness gets the better of breeding. As Chaucer says :

Though he were gentil born, and fresh, and gay,
And goodly for to seen, and humble, and free,
No gentillesse of blood ne may hem binde.

The old manuals of good breeding treat of all sorts of manners and morals; and it is interesting to see how very little our English standard has really changed even since Plantagenet days. In one of the most amusing, Caxton's 'Book of Courtesy,' we find elaborate instructions as to washing and dressing, behaving mannerly at table, in talk, at church, &c., and as to reading good books, being kind to animals, keeping counsel, &c. One or two of the hints would hardly bear quoting, manners having passed far beyond the need even of the counsel, and a few are inappropriate to modern fashions in dress; but the most would be as useful in the schoolroom to-day as they were to the 'lityl John' for whom they were first penned. I will transcribe a few verses into modern spelling :

If ye be served with meatës delicate,
(De)part it with your fellows in gentle wise :
The clerk saith 'Nature is content and satiate
With mean diet, and little shall suffice.'
(De)part it therefore as I you devise;
Engross it not unto your selven all,
For gentleness will ay be liberal.

Burnish no bonës with your teeth, be ware
That houndës tache¹ faileth of courtesy;
But with your knifë make the bonës bare.
Handle your meat so well and so cleanly
That ye offenden not the company
Where ye be set, as far forth as ye can
Remembering well that manner maketh man.

And when your teeth shall cut your meat small,
With open mouth be ware that ye not eat;
But look your lips be closed as a wall,
When to and fro ye traverse your meat;
Keep you so close that men have no conceit
To say of you language of villainy,
Because ye eat your meat unmannerly.
Be ware, my child, of laughing over measure.
Ne at the board ye shall no nailës pare;
Ne pick your teeth with knife, I you ensure;
Eat at your mess, and other folkës spare.

¹ Manners.

A glutton can but make the dishes bare,
And of enough he taketh never heed ;
Feeding for lust more than he doth for need.

And when the board is thin as of service,
Not replenished with great diversity
Of meat and drink ; good cheer may then suffice,
With honest talking ; and also ought ye
With gladsome cheer than fulsom for to be ;
The poet saith how that the poor³ board
Men may enrich with cheerful will and word.

And when another man speaketh at table
Beware ye interrupt not his language ;
For that is a thing discommendable,
And it is no sign of folk³s sage
To be of language busy and outrage ;
For the wise man saith plainly in sentence :
' He shall be wise that giveth *audience*.'

Be ware also, my child, of rehearsal
Of matters which ben at the table mev³ed ;¹
It grieveth oft, and doth men disavail ;
Full many a man that vice hath mischev³ed ;
Of ill thing said is worse often contrived.
Such report³es alway, my child, eschew
As may of old friends make enemies new.

Advise you well when ye take your disport,
Honest gam³es that ye haunt and use ;
And such as be but of villains' report
I counsel you, my child, that ye refuse.
For trust ye well, ye shall you not excuse
From birchly feast,² an I may you espy
Playing at any game of ribaldry.

It is to a goodly child well sitting
To use disports of mirth and of pleasaunce,
To harp, or lute, or lustily to sing,
Or in the press right mannerly to dance ;
When men see a child of such governance,
They say : ' Glad may this child³es friend³es be
To have a child so mannerly as he.'

But as our conferences concern books as well as men, I will quote some of the advice our author gives about reading : first, what he says about Chaucer, for its own sake ; and then what he says about his master Lydgate for the quaintness of the *ballade* into which he casts it.

This is how he apostrophises Chaucer :

¹ Moved.

² Another reading is 'breechless feast.' I am told by experts that either reading gives a good sense, and that the two are mutually explanatory.

O Father and Founder of ornate eloquence,
 That enluminèd hast all our Britaigne,
 Too soon we lost thy laureate science.
 O lusty liquor of that fulsome fountain !
 O cursed Death ! why hast thou this poet slain,
 I mean Father Chaucer, Master Galfrid ?
 Alas the while that ever he from us died !

Readeth his bookës full of all plesaunce,
 Clear in sentence, in language excellent ;
 Briefly to write—such was his suffisance.
 Whatever to say he took in his intent,
 His language was so fair and pertinent
 It seemed unto mannës hearing
Not only the word, but verily the thing.

Readeth this, my child, readeth his bookës all,
 Refuseth none, they be expedient ;
 Sentence or language or both find ye shall
 Full delectable ; for that Father meant,
 Of all his purpose and his whole intent,
 How to please in every audience ;
 And in our tongue was *well of eloquence*.¹

And this is his *ballade* of his master, the monk of Bury :

Looketh also upon don John Lidgate
 My master, whilome cleped Monk of Bury,
 Worthy to be renowned laureate ;
 I pray to God, in bliss his soul be merry,
 Singing *Rex splendens*, that heavenly Kery,
 Among the Muses nine celestial,
 Before the highest Jupiter of all.

I not ² why Death my master should envy,
 But for he should change his habit,
 Pity it is that such a man should die !
 But now I trust he be a Carmelite ;
 His amice black is changèd into white
 Among the Muses nine celestial,
 Before the highest Jupiter of all.

Passing the Muses nine of Elicon,
 Where is non pareil of Harmony,
 Thither I trust my master's soul is gone,
 The starred palace above dappled sky,
 There to sing *sanctus* incessantly,
 Among the Muses nine celestial,
 Before the highest Jupiter of all.

The carelessness of copyists has certainly robbed this *ballade* of some of its original glory, but there are phrases in it that still please.

URBANUS SYLVAN.

¹ Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iv. 2. 32.

² Kyrie,

³ Know not.

*LITTLE ANNA MARK.*¹

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

I, PHILIP STANSFIELD the younger, have in my time been in many strange places, some of more instant and dreadful peril than that in which I found myself that summer tropic morn. But there is nothing in all my life which I think of half so often or remember so acutely. I will try in a word or two to picture it forth.

We were still in a belt of shadow by the shore edge, which, however, every moment grew smaller as the sun rose. Northward the sea basked, clear and calm as a mirror to the horizon, save where about our jolly-boat it dimpled, bubbled, and boiled, as with the unseen rush of a myriad great unknown creatures under the water. We heard the dull resonance of a cannon-shot come over the water, and a wave seemed to rush upon us out of the narrows of the channel which led to the anchorage of the Isle of the Winds. Anna Mark and I had already dropped our useless oars as the pirate boats converged upon us. They were so near that we could see the naked glistening backs of the men as they bent to their oars, making the water foam from the bows. We could discern the bearded chins of Captain Key's red-capped officers as, seated in the stern, they directed their boats upon us.

In the first access of terror my mother had dropped limp and helpless into the bottom of the boat, murmuring only 'Did I not tell you? Would that you had listened to me!' Will Bowman was bending to lift her up. Eborra looked over the stern, watching with a strange eagerness the boiling swirl which seethed around our boat. In the bows the witch-wife stood erect, and laughed as she waved her hands like one who in her cantrips could call up spirits from the vasty deep.

'Aft—aft! Go aft!' cried Eborra suddenly.

Anna and I both obeyed without question, and in a moment

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more we had unshipped our oars and were seated in the bottom of the boat at the feet of my mother and Will.

The bows of the jolly-boat had been pulled almost to the surface of the water, but our movement somewhat relaxed the pressure. When we had time to look about, we found that we were now rushing due north, with two white wings of spray at either side of us, and leaving behind an undulating wake of creamy foam that stretched back apparently to the shore itself.

'What is it?' I asked of Eborra, who still peered over the side downwards into the water with the same look of pride and alert curiosity.

'Devil-fish!' he answered, with a kind of impatience in his voice, 'a school of devil-fish—one has caught hold of our anchor chain!'

'But this is rank witchcraft,' I cried; 'this is the blackest of black magic!'

Eborra shrugged his shoulders.

'It is my mother,' he said, as if the explanation were sufficient; 'my mother and Obeah—Obeah always great magic!'

Even as he spoke we were forging rapidly ahead, keeping the middle of the water-lane between the mangrove thickets on the shore edge and the approaching line of our enemies. These all at once stopped their rowing, when they saw us moving through the water without sails or oars, for the fear of witchcraft was strong upon them. It was not indeed until we were almost out of range that they recovered themselves, and sent a volley after us, which whipped the water astern in white spirts, but did us no damage whatever.

I glanced cautiously over the side of the boat, following the direction of Eborra's eyes, and there, not three fathoms beneath the keel, I saw a huge shadowy shape—a whitish rounded snout which vanished into the filtered haze of light ahead, and great bat-like wings that undulated and flapped on either side and extended far out into the sea. I could just catch a glimpse of a similar monster rushing along on my left, keeping touch with that which was dragging our boat, as soldiers do on a Place of Arms. But already our pursuers had had enough.

We could see the leading boats of Captain Key's fleet swerve and turn about as on a pivot so soon as the wave caused by the passage of these huge sea-creatures heaved them from stem to stern, and the seeth of the bubbles broke milky all about. To

them the thing was even more mysterious than to us. For none of them knew what impelled us forward, nor that a school of 'devil-fish,' frightened probably by guns and rockets fired by the *Corramantee*, had, according to their custom when alarmed, rushed seaward in a body with sufficient fury to raise a wave almost like the 'bore' of a tidal estuary.

One of these had caught the anchor-chain of our boat in the pair of horny arms which grows out from its snout. This great sea-beast was now rushing northward with us. What Eborra's mother had to do with the matter, or whether the whole was simply an accident, I have never yet wholly made out.

During my later and longer sojourn in these lands I have seen many of these creatures, though perhaps none quite so large as that which now sped seaward with us out of the grasp of our enemies. The 'devil-fish' of the Western seas is simply a great ray or skate, as large in spread of wing as the weaving-room at Umphray Spurway's, and of such a fierce and sullen temper that what thing so ever they seize that they will hold to till they are torn to pieces. But to my tale.

As the last ineffectual shots from the muskets of our enemies spirted in the water behind, the black witch woman turned her about in the bows, and in a strange guttural language railed upon and cursed our pursuers. For by her fierce gestures this is clearly what she was doing, though not a word could I understand.

We were now far enough out to include in our view the three ships which had come to attack the Isle of the Winds and also the tall masts of the solitary *Corramantee* guarding the reef passages. The boats had apparently given up the attack for that morning, after their fruitless chase of us, and were now beginning to make their way back to the ships. Signals fluttered from the topmasts of the flagship, and we saw the white smoke spout from her side as a gun was fired by Captain Key in token of recall.

In half-an-hour we were safe from all pursuit so far as the pirate boats were concerned. The Isle of the Winds itself was sinking slowly into the sea as we receded. In two hours we saw only the High Woods stand up darkly against the sky. By mid-afternoon even these had grown grey and indefinite in the heat haze. But still the great fish which had clasped our anchor chain lashed and threshed its way turbulently onward through the water, gleaming beneath the boat in flashes of fitful phosphorescence as the light began to fade. This 'devil-fish' (or monstrous ray,

as I now know the fish to have been) must have measured at least forty or fifty feet across. Far out on either hand we could catch anon a flash of chilly white, as the under side turned half over, anon a glimpse of a huge flat head. In front, over the bows of the boat, stalked eyes glared at us through the creamy green of the backward-rushing water, with the devilish suspicion of a sneer. Looking behind, between my mother and Will, Anna and I could discern a serpentine tail, twining and thrusting its way through the still water.

My mother, to whom it was not more strange that the boat should move of itself than that it should move at all, was not greatly frightened. Indeed, not nearly so much as she would have been had she discovered a mouse in her bedroom. Will Bowman arranged some cloaks for her in the bottom of the boat. On these she lay down, willing enough to be carried away from the Isle of the Winds, and yet somewhat regretting the quiet of the parlour, the impracticability of her afternoon siesta, and most of all the fact that in her haste she had forgotten her knitting-needles.

The night fell upon us sharply—a tropic night, brilliant with stars overhead, the water quiet all about, save where it bubbled and heaved with the tumultuous passage of the sea beasts. The air was mild and soft—as we say in Scotland, ‘lown-warm.’ By this time I had overcome the first great terror which had taken possession of me when I saw the terrible devil-fish threshing and wallowing beneath us, carrying the boat none of us knew whither. Anna showed no terror at all, save so much as might have been evinced by a tighter clasp upon my arm. As for Will Bowman, he said nothing; but steered as best he might with an oar, though it was little he could do to change or modify the direction of the strange charger on whose back (or at least above it) we were riding.

‘When will it let go?’ I asked Eborra, as I saw the one-armed lad come gliding back from the boat’s stem, where his mother lay crouched, prone like a toad, with only her head over the boat’s edge, watching the devil-fish waving like a fiery banner beneath. She was mumbling something in her barbarous jargon. Indeed, the only sounds which broke the stillness were the backward rush of our wake and the monotonous insistent mutter of the witch’s incantations.

‘Jack,’ I whispered again, more anxiously (for apparently he had not heard me), ‘will it ever let go?’

But the half-breed seemed more careful to approve his dignity than to set my mind at rest.

'Here I am no more Yellow Jack,' he answered sharply. 'I am Eborra, of the blood of kings!'

'Well then, Eborra,' said I, willing enough to humour him, 'will the beast ever let go? Can we not fright it somehow? Are we not being carried out to sea, where we may all perish of hunger and thirst?'

'In the morning, about the time of the false dawn, he will let us go,' Eborra answered, without looking at me, like one who gives superfluous information to a troublesome child.

'We are running due northward,' said Will Bowman, as he looked upwards. He had learned from Umphray Spurway something of the stars.

By this time my mother was asleep, and even Anna, after drowsing once or twice, allowed her head to drop down on my shoulder, where I drew my cloak about her, and was well content to let her sleep. For me I had no thought or desire of slumber. That which was happening about me was too strange and entrancing. It is curious that one naturally so timorous as I should yet be able to pass outwardly unshamed through so many and so various perils. Perhaps it was because I had in me something of my father as well as the heritage of my mother's weaker nature.

This is the way it ever was with me. If I were told of a peril beforehand, I would tremble all over and be utterly unmanned. But when one arrived, as it were, in the way of business, or sprang out upon me suddenly as from a trap the tongue of which is touched, why, then a kind of cold indifference took hold of me. I had been lucky before, I said to myself. So would I be again. This passed gradually into a feeling entirely rejoicing, almost triumphant, especially when I had Anna Mark in my company. For, indeed, her presence and the need of protecting her (not always very evident) steadied me like a draught of strong wine.

Now I lay watching the stars and listening to the rushing of our boat through the water. By moving slightly I could let Anna rest more easily on my shoulder, and at the same time watch the great fish darting tirelessly along underneath us. The jolly-boat did not always advance at the same speed or even in the same direction. And it may have been imagination or reality, but true it is—that whenever Eborra's mother, crouched prone in the stem

like an infernal figurehead carved in densest ebony, thrust out a hand to right or left, I saw the great devil-fish swerve from its course, like a horse that answers the bridle.

And at this a shiver ran through all my bones, and even Anna, lying warm and soft against my shoulder, could hardly bring back the heat to my heart.

So all through the night we swept on and on. The water about us swayed and slept as it had been a child's cradle hooded by a vault of stars. We were no more the centre of a whole school of the demon-fish. The rest had long ago stayed their course or turned aside. But this one, devil-possessed or compelled by some dour resolution of its own nature, rushed onward tirelessly. Now it slackened a little, and anon started forward again with a sudden tightening jerk, which brought the heart into the mouth, as with a plunging surge the bows of the jolly-boat were pulled well-nigh underneath the water.

I might have thought that Will Bowman also slept, had it not been for the occasional dip of his steering-oar, which, however, for the most part he let trail behind him, useless as a duck's broken wing.

'It is nigh to the hour of the *zombis*!' said Eborra behind me, speaking in a whisper with his lips close to my ear.

'And what are the *zombis*?' I asked him, without moving, for I could not alter my position for fear of disturbing Anna.

'They are the spirits of the dead,' he answered solemnly. 'They come when my mother calls them. It is they who have entered into the devil-fish; soon they will depart. You shall see!'

So in a kind of quivering awe, which may have been partly the effect of the chill of the night and partly the wind caused by our rapid transit, I waited. The speed of our boat seemed to grow greater. I could see the two smooth wing-like jets of water from our bows stand up six inches at least above the planking. We had assuredly all gone to the bottom had our jolly-boat been of the ordinary sort. But she was exceedingly broad in the beam, and shed the waves freely to either side of her, like a bluff-bowed sea-coal barque from Newcastle plunging round the Nore with the wind stiff at her tail.

I knew not what I expected to see, but at all events I was ready for any spectral manifestation. Yet the *zombis* delayed. A strange unnatural light, changing from pale green to livid red, rose out of the sea ahead of us. We heard a roaring behind us,

like a mighty wind among the trees of the forest, whereat Anna awoke with a start of fear and looked up in my face, crying, 'What is it, Philip? What is it?'

'Look! look!' answered Eborra, pointing behind us—as it were, over Will Bowman's shoulder. The stars, twinkling many-coloured through the dewy tropic night, were blotted out by a dark peaked shape that advanced rapidly upon us, pushing a black cloud upward to the zenith. An uneasy wind awoke and blew in furious sudden-ceasing gusts this way and that. Yet still we sped on and the dark mass pursued us.

'It is a water-spout! God help us!' groaned Will Bowman, pulling the hood further over my mother's head that she might not see.

'Do not fear,' answered Eborra; 'it also is Obeah!'

Even as he spoke the dark mass appeared suddenly to divide and pass to either hand of us. Then for the first time I perceived that as it went the sea ridged upwards in its path and then sank again like a whipped dog. The old witch woman had risen to her feet now, and stood as she had done at the first blotting-out of that strange changeful band of light to the north. The jolly-boat lay, as it were, in an eyot of still black water, while all around were roaring floods and fickle tormented water.

The twin dark shapes swept past as swiftly as if we had been standing still. All was whirling vapour about them, and they looked most like a pair of gigantic hour-glasses spinning like a boy's top about to fall. And as they had divided behind us, so the water-spouts (if indeed such they were, and not demons of the deep raised as the witch of Endor raised Samuel out of the abyss) began to approach each other ahead of us. It seemed as if we must rush upon them to our destruction.

Then Eborra also stood up, and with his face all shining with the ruddy light out of the north he too held up his arms. I could see the iron hook sharp and black against the bright sky.

'Hear us, great Voodoo,' he cried; 'hear us, spirit of power! We are thy priests, thy *papiloi*! Let the spirits of the dead return to their place!'

Then suddenly with a flare that blinded us the levin bolt leapt from cloud to cloud. The thunderclap deafened our ears. The black shapes sank down as by magic. And out of a heaving sea of milk, curdled on the top with winking foambells, there seemed to rise strange shapes that floated upward and

hovered and vanished. Bat-like they were, and yet strangely human in suggestion. We watched them open-mouthed.

'They are but mist or spray from the falling of the water-spouts!' murmured Will Bowman, speaking as if to reassure himself. For so the Englishman had taught him to regard ghostly things. But even I knew better.

'We thank thee, Voodoo! Great and worthy shall thy sacrifice be!' cried Eborra, still standing up, erect as a spear stuck in the ground, though the boat was now heaving over the suddenly raised waves of the milky sea.

Then Eborra turned to Will Bowman.

'Steer,' he said, imperiously, as if he had been the master of us all; 'keep her head to the north!'

I looked over the side. The boat was no more rushing along with the double jet of spray whimpering from her bows. She lay heaving idly on the creaming sea of curd, and trembling a little all over like a horse which has run a race.

'The devil-fish is gone!' I cried joyfully.

'The spirits have departed upwards, and the beast is gone to his own place!' answered Eborra.

I looked again at the witch woman. She had bent over the verge and was now pulling in, hand over hand, the anchor chain she had let down in the morning when we were pursued by the pirates' boats.

And as she hauled in the dripping slack she laughed—a laugh hard and metallic as the rattling of the links as they fell from her hand into the bottom of the boat.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE CHAIN GANG.

WHEN the true morning broke we saw before us the end of our sea adventure. Directly in front the blue and purple mountain ranges of a continent or great island rose out of the ocean. To east and west the shore-line extended, edged with an endless line of surf, save only where some cavern bit a hole in the white sea roller, and sent forth in token of victory a noise like the lowest notes of a trumpet.

The sun shone on a pallid company as he set his fiery fore-

head above the ocean. Only my mother was at all like herself. She awoke later than the rest of us, having slept soundly through the night. She sat up, blushing like a girl to find herself in the presence of so many, and as by instinct her hands went upward to her hair. I think she conceived that its braids might have been disordered by the hood of the cloak in which it had been nestled.

'I crave your pardons,' she said gently; 'are we nearly home?'

I know not whether she had a vision of Great Marlow and the pleasant woods of Cliveden over against it, or whether she thought of our little white-washed house at the quay corner of Abercorn. Most likely, however, she was only dazed with sleep and uncertain what she said, speaking at random with being so suddenly awakened.

Will Bowman helped her up to a seat beside him, where she could feel the soft fanning breath of the trade wind.

'We are near land!' he answered; 'the peril of the night is quite passed away!'

'What peril?' she asked with surprise. For, indeed, she knew of none.

'The devil-fish is gone,' he said quietly; 'you are quite safe.'

'I am hungry,' she answered, speaking more than ever like a child.

And I think her words reminded all of us that it was many hours since we had touched sustenance of any kind.

Then it was that Eborra became again the servitor he had been aforetime—quick, silent, and serviceable. He was here and there with dried meat (which he shaved thin with his knife), rye bread, and the milk of the cocoanut served in half of its own shell. Eborra had waited on everyone before he would consent to bite a crust himself.

As for the witch-wife, she lay in a seeming trance in the bows of the boat, her head on a small coil of rope, and the end of the chain, all chafed and polished, still clasped in her hand.

Suddenly my mother paused, with a bit of bread half-way to her lips.

'We have not said a blessing!' she cried, 'and after what we have gone through! Shame on you, Philip. Say a grace at once!'

But being taken at a short and with a great chunk of *bucan*

(or dried West India meat) between my jaws, I could think on nothing except the beginning of the Lord's Prayer, and that I knew well would not serve me. So I only choked, and was silent. At the same time Will Bowman had great trouble with his steering-oar, turning him about and looking over the stern of the boat.

'Think shame of you all,' my mother cried, shaking one slender forefinger at us; 'you are not thankful to a merciful Providence. I will e'en say the blessing myself!'

And with that she bowed her head and did so.

Eborra, with a curious look on his face, uncovered him of his broad-brimmed palmetto hat, and we (that is, Will and I) awkwardly enough followed his example.

Then, with a reproving stare round at us all, my mother went on with her breakfast, only complaining a little of the taste of the water, which, as I have said, had been put fresh from the spring upon the Isle of the Winds into the two foreign liqueur casks we had stolen from the beach.

Then after this we fell to our oars, and made good progress towards the land. The water still heaved after the storm of the night, but the milky and curded appearance was clean gone. Only a slight cloudiness in the blue of the sea reminded us of the perils we had passed.

The coast lay before us very plain to see. It seemed as if we must reach it in an hour. Yet it was late afternoon before we passed the islands which guarded the entrance to the yet unseen harbour. Two great cliffs stood up on either hand, bare and steep to the top, save for the strange growths, tufted and prickly, which clung to every crevice and drooped from every crag.

Each one of us expected to see a settlement within as we glided through the opening, but when we rounded the last point none appeared. The bay was girt by the unbroken wall of the tropic forest. We had left behind us the rollers thundering ceaselessly on the outer cliffs. Within the narrows of the strait these still moved forward with an oily motion, spreading gently into a fan-shape as the harbour opened out.

As we entered this place and saw the free wind-blown Carib sea shut behind us, a greater fear fell upon our company than had possessed us when we were being towed we knew not whither by the devil-fish.

A strange silence brooded all about us. The drumming of the breakers upon the reefs without dulled itself into a far-away

sough. There was not a breath of air. It was a relief when a huge humble-bee, six times the size of those about New Milns, blundered into the boat, and then clumsily blundered out again, booming away, undismayed and lusty, towards the green forest wall.

We looked about for some landing-place, but for a while saw none. Everywhere a tangle of roots and leaves, creepers and twining vines grew riotously down to the edge of the water. The waves hissed and sucked among the slimy mangrove stilts, upon which in hideous array sat thousands of horrid vultures, motionless, as if they too were part of inanimate Nature.

Such was my mother's horror of these foul birds, which sat with drooping wing in strained attitudes upon the green-slimed roots and bedropped rotting branches, that nothing would do but we must pull out again and follow the curves of the shore, seeking for another landing-place.

At last Eborra, who had gone to the stem of the jolly-boat, pointed with his hook.

'Enter there,' he said; 'a boat has passed that way not long ago.'

The place, to our unaccustomed eyes, certainly did not look promising. It was merely a low broad ditch choked with green vegetation. Grey mud-banks sloped down to the water's edge, and there was a smell of rotting leaves everywhere about.

'That is fresh water!' said Eborra.

And soon we were pushing our way, Will Bowman and I, through the rustling leaves of the waterlilies, which, all twitching with life, pulled as eagerly away from us. Several times the boat was brought completely to a standstill, but Eborra leaned over and pulled us loose with his hook. In a quarter of an hour we were free, emerging into a clear, amber-coloured creek bordered by solemn aisles of cypress-trees.

Suddenly Anna Mark gripped my arm with one hand and pointed forward with the other.

'Look! look! Philip; there is a man!' she whispered eagerly.

I looked as I was bidden, and there, sure enough, at the end of a trodden path which ended in a little landing-place, between tufts of the plant known as 'Spanish bayonets,' stood a man as tall of stature and grey of beard as though he too had grown up along with the cypress-tress and had acquired some of the grey moss which clings like mist about their branches.

Now in all my life I had never seen anything resembling this man, yet instantly I knew him for a Popish monk. He was beyond the stature of ordinary men, bareheaded, and wrapped from head to foot in a long black robe with a cord knotted loosely about his waist.

Instinctively we turned the bow of the boat towards where the man stood, and, as we came near, Will hailed him in English.

'Can we land here?' he asked.

But the man made no reply, continuing to gaze fixedly at us as we advanced.

Then Eborra stood up and said something in a language sweet and melancholy of sound, which I guessed to be Spanish. And at this the man slowly lifted his hand and pointed to a low bank, as if to guide our boat thither.

Eborra continued to speak as we approached, and soon we were alongside. Will leaped out first, and I helped my mother to land upon a small pier of shell-marble. She, however, was so cramped with so long sitting still that she would have fallen if Will had not caught her in his arms. Whereat very pleasantly she smiled and thanked him.

The rest of us sprang out one after the other, but, before coming on shore himself, Eborra handed out his mother up into my arms.

I was astonished when I took hold of her. The old woman seemed hardly heavier than a bird trussed for the table.

When I had set her down I looked round, and lo! there was my mother on her knees before the priest or monk or whatever he was, and his hands were stretched out over her head. Which made me very unreasonably angry. For I might have remembered that my mother had few of my advantages, having been brought up among Episcopians, who after all are little better than Papists. As for me, thank God, I would not kneel to any Pope or Papist living.

Then the monk, still without speaking, watched us tie up the jolly-boat, and motioning us with his hand he turned him about and stalked up the path between the sentinel tufts of 'Spanish bayonets.'

And now there wafted across us the sound of a pleasant thing—the ringing of bells far away in the silence of the wood. And it came to our ears sweetly and solemnly, like the first Psalm sung in the kirk on a summer sacrament morn.

We followed our guide in order. First went Will and my mother—Will supporting her with one arm and fending off from her with watchful eye and ready hand the prickly plants which flourished on either side the way. I followed next with Anna. Then came Eborra and his mother.

As we proceeded, the sound of bells grew louder and somewhat less mellow. Then after a quarter of an hour we began to arrive. First there appeared a wide clearing in the forest. Bearded pines and cypresses had been felled, and instead of them young live oaks whispered in friendly fashion, like companions who take each other's arms to tell their secrets.

Across this open glade we marched straight upon a stretch of lofty wall, lichened like the trees, and already weather-worn and ancient. This barrier was flanked with towers, in which the mouths of cannon made little black O's full of purposefulness. Then came a low door, but our guide did not open it. Instead he turned to the left and skirted the long featureless boundary wall, in which there appeared only here and there a crucifix or a little shrine of the Virgin, gay with fresh paint and gilding.

At the first break in the wall we turned to the right, passed through a sort of stockade, and found ourselves in a street crowded with small wooden booths and tinkling with the ring of hammers upon anvils.

Our guide strode on, and we followed. But we had not gone far when a cry went up, and we began to hear the tread of feet hurrying towards us from every direction, and to see many people running and crying to each other. Some of these were casting off blacksmiths' aprons, that they might run the faster. Some (these were women with dusky faces) shrilly bade their men folk wait for them till they could come—or so at least I interpreted their querulous cryings.

Presently we became the centre of a throng of quaint dresses, whose wearers pushed and strove and elbowed about us. But our guide swept his staff to right and left, smiting them with the soundest of thwacks. Whereupon they fell hastily back, one treading on the toes of another.

Presently we stopped before a gate, or midway between two gates facing each other at the distance of rather more than a hundred yards. Our guide turned to that on the left hand, and we followed him.

He lifted a knocker shaped like a crucifix and knocked loudly.

A wicket opened in the little door at the side of the larger gate, and a face looked through—a face which might have been that of a marble knight upon a tomb, so strong and purposeful it seemed. For the brow was hidden in a white napkin, as though bound up for the grave, and from the dead whiteness of the skin large dark eyes looked forth mournfully and hopelessly.

The monk said something in a low tone, and stood aside to let the guardian of the portal see us. Then the little wicket shut to again, and behind us we heard the buzzing murmur of the crowd and the silent breathing of many folk.

We stood there for what seemed a long space, the westering sun throwing our shadows tall and black on the blazing whiteness of the wall.

Then the little window was again opened, and this time another face was seen; also a pale face, and enwrapped with the same mournful swaddlings. But the features were more delicate, and a certain quick frailty of temper had thinned the nostrils and drawn furrows across the brow. Our guide bent courteously and began to speak. Then there ensued between them a long whispered colloquy. When this was finished, the monk turned to us and said something in Spanish which I did not understand.

'We are to retire, you and I and he,' Eborra translates briefly, pointing last at Will Bowman.

With much regret, and because we are helpless among so many, I let Anna go from my side, and left the three women standing together. The monk himself also stepped back, with a bow low as a reverence before an altar.

Then I heard the pallid woman behind the grating begin to speak in a low and pleasant voice, and Eborra's mother muttering replies in Spanish. But the words were inaudible to me, even had I understood the language.

Then the door opened, and first the old witch woman entered, then my mother—who was so dear to me—and lastly Anna.

As the door shut upon the three I started forward, as if to go too, but Eborra laid his hand upon my arm, and the monk motioned us impatiently to follow him. He turned into the gateway to the right, uttered a word through a barred wicket, and in a moment more we found ourselves within the great walled enclosure of the monastery of San Juan de Brozas.

And to a Northern boy the wonder of it—the hourly growing surprise! I saw scores upon scores of brown-clad monks moving

here and there, their dismal array laced and beaded, with black-robed priests, white acolytes, and boys wearing purple under-vests of silk. Curiously enough, I thought first of what Mr. John Bell would say to a sight like this.

This monastery of Saint John of Brozas was built throughout of a stone like coral—hard, white, and a little crumbly; its form a great oblong. At one end, that opposite to where we had entered, rose the church. The rest of the enclosure was galleried and arcaded about. Shade trees sprang everywhere. Fountains spouted and plashed. Little streams were crossed by bridges small as a child's toy. The white walls were so aglow with the airy scarlet of creeper, so crowded with close-ranked geranium that it seemed as if many cardinals' robes had been hung out to dry. Beyond the palmettos in the square, through whose leaves we caught the glint of metal, they were building something huge and white. I could see a long string of men carrying mortar in wooden boxes on their shoulders. The fierce sun sparkled upon something that connected the files and swung in mid-air between them, while to our ears came the faint tinkle of metal. *The men were chained together.*

At that moment from the gable of the church (a beehive-like prominence of which formed the belfry) a bell began to ring, and we heard the low chant, the words of which seemed to begin with '*Ora pro nobis! Ora—*' And I recalled enough of my Latin to know that that meant 'Pray for us!'

Still we followed our guide, passing close by the chain gang. We now saw that the men were guarded by swarthy musketeers, each with a gun over his shoulder and a sword girt by his side. Gigantic negroes, armed with whips, stalked along the ranks, each with the dignity of a Nero cut in ebony.

Will Bowman had fallen a little behind with Eborra, so I hastened to place myself beside the monk who had brought us thither. The hymn had put it into my head that I would try him with some of my scanty Latin.

'Who are these men?' was what I tried to say.

He stopped in an astonishment as great as if his ass had spoken to him.

'You are a cleric?' he said. And though he pronounced the words differently, yet I understood him well enough. Whereat I began to be glad that Umphray Spurway had made me learn by heart George Buchanan's Latin Psalms, one each day for a whole

year, which he declared to be the only worthy literature that Scotland hath ever produced.

'No, I am no cleric,' I replied.

It was wonderful (so I thought) how easily the speaking of Latin came to me! And on the spot I began to plume me on my talent for languages.

'Convent-bred, then?' he continued, glancing sideways down at me.

'I am not,' said I.

'How, then, do you speak Latin?'

I pointed silently to Will, who had come up with Eborra. We had halted under a tree, and there was now only a fountain with many jets between us and the chain gang. The swaying leaves and the hush of the water falling softly on wet marble were certainly most soothing. But somehow that continuous tinkle of swinging links over by the new building disliked me greatly. Also, I was anxious about my mother.

The monk, on whose face there appeared never the shadow of a smile, bowed to Will.

'You are learned?' he said, in the same curious Latin.

Will modestly denied it, but I struck in boldly.

'He is a very learned scholar,' I said.

'Of this I will inform the Abbot,' he said, and again turned to precede us. But I pointed to the gang of labouring prisoners, from the far end of which had just come a sharp cry, as the knotted lash of the black overseer's whip fell across the naked shoulders of a lad halting under a burden. I trembled to kill the brutal striker.

'Who are these?' I said indignantly; 'and by what law are they chained and beaten? Are they murderers?'

The monk cast one contemptuous glance, and one only, in the direction of the chain gang.

'These are heretics,' he said, as if the fact explained all.

And as I followed the trailing skirt of his brown robe (not daring to raise my eyes, lest I should see some further horror) I was by no means so sure that the devil-fish had done us a good turn in delivering us from the pirates and bringing us from the Isle of the Winds to underlie the tender mercies of the monks of the monastery of San Juan de Brozas.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR.

'His Excellency the Grand Inquisitor!' announced the tall priest who had hitherto conducted us, and whom we afterwards knew as Brother Pedro.

A small, apple-cheeked, pale-eyed man entered, smiling and dimpling, almost in the manner of an antiquated beauty. His head was thrust a little forward, like a bird's about to peck, and the scanty hair fringing it was a pale yellow hue, and fell in a meek frill about his ears. There was nothing really Spanish or Grand Inquisitorial about him. He looked more like a fawning debtor who arrives to ask an extension of time from a stony-hearted creditor.

'You have come'—he speaks a curious halting English—'from the sea—with three womans you have come. Sirs, you are welcome to San Juan de Brozas.'

'You are the Abbot of the monastery?' I spoke before Will could find words. For talking to Anna had taught me quickness of speech.

'I am not the Abbot. I am Grand Inquisitor. From Palos I have come with three hundred heretics in one galleon, that they may work in the plantations for the good of their souls! Then, if they do not repent, we will take other measures!'

'But, most reverend, you speak English?' I suggested.

He smiled, seemingly well enough pleased.

'I have been long time in your country, spreading the Holy Religion! First with James the King, and afterwards (in much persecution and peril) under the Dutch heretic William! But, alas! I have much forgot. I speak him not well!'

Nevertheless, in spite of his modest disclaimers, he smiled like a boy who has 'trapped' his way to the top of his class.

'Sit down, gentlemen!' he added immediately in an altered tone. 'The Abbot comes this way!'

And the Grand Inquisitor, blushing and smiling at once, looked so like a pleasant country dame that from that moment I began to be better satisfied with our lodging in the monastery of San Juan de Brozas.

We heard a step hustle along the passage, the soft brush—

brush—shuffle—brush of sandals worn by one who does not lift his feet. The door opened and a man entered, at the first sight of whose face my heart sank within me.

He was a tall man, gaunt and hollow-jawed. His eyes, deeply sunk in his head, shot out fire upon us. His very manner was terrifying, and I could well imagine him casting oiled faggots about the feet of poor wretches condemned to die for their religion. The Grand Inquisitor received the Abbot of San Juan with a gentle purring deference, and made room for him on the black wooden settle as a spaniel dog might give place to a mastiff.

He said something to the Grand Inquisitor in a low tone, and then turned to us.

‘You are doubtless of the Religion—you have escaped from their cruel English plantations?’ and the Abbot bent his brows upon us as he spoke.

‘We have come from the Isle of the Winds,’ I made answer. ‘We were carried thither by pirates from our native land!’

I heard the whisper of Eborra in my ear.

‘If you wish to live and save those whom you love, swear to the man that you are of his religion! What matters it? Swear!’

‘From the Isle of the Winds they come!’ said the Grand Inquisitor, translating into Spanish for the benefit of the Abbot. And at the word I saw him turn up his eyes and cross himself.

‘But you are of the Religion?’ he persisted softly, and like one who insists on doing another a good turn. The Grand Inquisitor translated this time for our benefit.

‘I was christened of the Church of England,’ said Will Bowman bluntly, after his fashion, ‘and though I can lay claim to little enough religion of any kind, that is the religion I shall live and die in.’

That was well enough said of Will, but I was not to be set behind the door. No Yorkshireman alive was going to overcrow me with his Episcopianism—at best a poor thing to make a boast of.

‘I am a Scot, and of the Scottish religion!’ I said as grandly as I could.

‘What is that? I never heard of it!’ the speech of the Grand Inquisitor was more silvern than ever. Almost I might say he purred.

‘I am a Presbyterian,’ I replied, a trifle nettled; ‘that is the religion of my country!’

'Say an opinion—call it an opinion, and I am with you!' he said, and continued to smile.

'And you?' his eye passed on to Eborra; 'have you been christened in the Church of Inghilterra, or are you also of the Scots persuasion?'

To my surprise Eborra had shed his manner of a king's son, and now met the small shrewd grey eyes of the Grand Inquisitor with the broad grin which had attracted me first on the street of the privateers' village.

'I poor ignorant Yellow Jack,' he said, speaking thickly. 'I know nothing. But learn—yes, holiness, Yellow Jack willing to learn everything!'

The Grand Inquisitor nodded pleasantly.

'Ah, that is better—much better!' he said. 'Though your colour is that of Ham the accursed, such willingness does you more credit than your companions' fair-faced stubbornness. But you may influence them for good. The reverend Abbot wishes you to have free access to those of your race in charge of the chain-gang. Perhaps they may furnish you with additional reasons for desiring instruction in our holy faith, and in this way your companions also may come to find the truth!'

'Give poor black boy your blessing, holiness!' said Eborra, kneeling with admirable suppleness.

The Grand Inquisitor extended a couple of fingers in a perfunctory manner, curved them a little as if he were going to scratch the head of a persistent cat, but continued to keep his eyes fixed steadfastly upon us.

I was very angry with Eborra for thus, as it were, deserting us in the face of the enemy; and as for Will Bowman, he glowered at the half-caste as if he could have slain him.

The Abbot of San Juan and the Inquisitor conferred together, the tall dark monk apparently persuading his little plump friend to something against his will.

'We had better look out for squalls,' whispered Will Bowman. 'I do not trust that monk with the black brows. The little one's our friend. I wonder what they are whispering together about?'

But I had been making up my mind to ask the Inquisitor to give us a lodging in some place where we could see and comfort my mother. I knew well that she would be in distraction away from us and alone with Anna, whom she had never liked.

'Most reverend,' I began, 'we have escaped from a pirate

island. My mother and her companion have undergone many hardships. I pray you to permit us a lodging near together. The health of my mother has long been weak——'

The Grand Inquisitor turned towards me. He smiled indulgently.

'Do not fear,' he answered; 'your mother's health will be cared for by the good sisters. I doubt not you will find her much improved when you see her again. It is not customary for the sexes to mix with each other in the religious houses of Saint John of Brozas and of our Gracious Lady the Holy Mary!'

And with a little quieting wave of his plump white hand he turned again to his consultation with the Abbot.

Eborra stood apart in seeming dejection, the broad smile gone from his face. He caught my eye and nodded confidentially. To this I did not reply, but averted my eye, for I still was angry at his desertion of us.

Presently the Grand Inquisitor turned to us again, smiling in his most fatherly fashion.

'My friend has agreed to provide lodging for you,' he said; 'you must pardon the roughness of it. It shall only be temporary—I can promise you that, if I have any influence in this island—which I may say I think I have!'

I answered that I had no doubt of it. And that, whatever quarters he provided for us, they would prove pillows of down after the hard seats of the jolly-boat and the dangers of the pirate isle. It was good, I continued, to find one's self once again amongst Christians and brethren.

He struck a bell and immediately, as if they had been waiting for the signal, half a dozen lay brothers entered. We could see a score or so of the tall negro overseers collected in the shaded porch.

The Abbot spoke rapidly to the lay brothers, nodding his head the while, and the Grand Inquisitor continued to smile subtly upon us.

'I bid you good-bye for the present,' he said, 'you, young sir, of the Scots persuasion, and you also' (he turned to Will), 'who have had the so great honour of being christened in the Church of England. May a good conscience and the memory of your past privileges support you!'

The monk who had first found us upon the shore stood before us. He hooked a beckoning finger at me, and uttered two words in Latin.

'Venite, fratres !'

We followed him out into the courtyard among the whispering leaves and plashing fountains. Will and I walked side by side. But Eborra got no farther than the doorway. Here he found himself surrounded by the black men with whips in their hands. These all began to talk at once, laughing and slapping each other in noisy fraternity, Eborra grinning and talking away as fast as any.

Half a dozen of the brown monks accompanied us, talking low among themselves. These did not walk as if guarding prisoners, but rather like people accidentally going the same way. In this order we crossed the open square to the corner opposite the church. Then we descended a flight of steps and turned into a cool passage. We heard a sound as of dogs yelping, and began to smell the smell of kennels.

Our guide flung open a door and motioned us with a fling of his arm to enter. We did so, Will Bowman going first.

We found ourselves in a high narrow cell, the floor of earth trodden hard. Rings and wheels of iron were let into the wall on either side. Rope and pulleys cobwebbed aloft. The white-washed walls were stained here and there with streaks and gouts of darkish brown, in their nature very suggestive. The windows were set high up, defended by thick bars of iron. Three tall-backed chairs stood on a raised platform at one end, the highest being in the middle and two a little retired in support. Above the centre chair were the insignia of the Holy Office of the Inquisition.

I saw now where we were. The Abbot had played us false. Still, if we were to appear before the Grand Inquisitor, I felt that he would deal kindly with us; for my liking had gone out to the little shy man with his soft voice and gentle ways. On the other hand, I knew we had no chance of mercy from the Abbot. I had mistrusted him at first sight. And Will Bowman thought as I did.

So we stood there, wondering what would come next; and my mind flew to Anna and my mother even when my eyes were wandering among the maze of wheels and ropes overhead—the purport of which I understood well enough, though not the particular tortures for which they were designed.

What would become of my mother and Anna Mark? Would they also be shut up in some den of cruelty and pain? Or would the sisters be more merciful, seeing that they also were women? Before my mind had reached any conclusion I was recalled to

myself by the entrance of half a dozen stalwart negroes. The first staggered in with a smith's brazier, and charcoal smouldering red upon it. A second followed with a pair of bellows upon a wooden stand. Then came two others carrying back-loads of clanking chains. They were all laughing and cracking jests at each other's expense. Two gigantic guards, with muskets over their shoulders and short swords by their sides, brought up the rear.

The negro with the bellows was evidently a sort of master among them. He set down his stand with an air of authority. Then he looked closely at us, bending his hams and laying his hands upon his knees in the attitude which we of Moreham call 'hunkering.' After studying Will and myself for a minute with bloodshot injected eyes—the eyes of a bloodhound scenting the trail—he slapped his thighs suddenly, and cut a high caper with his feet. Then he cracked his heels together, and crowed like a cock. The monks had retired to the further end of the chamber, where they stood, leaning elbows on the black chairs and talking quietly together.

'Ha, ha, ha!' broke out the huge black. 'If this here doan' beat cock-fightin'! English, by Gar! Me English too—Pompey Smith my name. Once me live in the Carolinas. English overseer score poor Pompey's back. Now Pompey have de whip and score Englishman's back. Ha, ha, ha!'

Then he took hold of Will Bowman rudely.

'Hold out your leg,' he said. 'I fit it with one pretty bracelet. So! Like him so much you never take him off—not even when you go bye-bye!'

He was stooping to take hold of Will's knee, when he received a direct left-handed blow between the eyes, and went down like a log. Presently, however, he got up, rubbing his forehead, upon which a shiny lump began to rise.

'Very well,' he muttered (I need not follow his jargon, which is as tiresome to write as to read), 'very well. Pompey Smith will remember. You shall have one most comfortable pair of bracelets. Nice short chains, so that you rest easy. Here, here! you Salazar, Pedro, Domingo!'

He called other three companions to him, and they seized Will, while the two guards pointed their guns point blank at me, lest I should attempt to escape. Then Pompey Smith with a sharp knife cut Will's hose round below the knees, pulled off his

buckled shoes, muttering, 'These jus' 'bout Pompey's size. You better learn to go barefoot now, you English heretics. You go to hell plenty soon—and then you glad, because you get out of Pompey's gang.'

Whereupon, summoning his assistants, he blew up the charcoals with the bellows, and in a short space he had riveted a pair of stout rings about Will's naked ankles. To these heavy chains were attached at back and front. A belt of iron was fastened in like manner about his waist, with smaller rings let in upon either side, to which again chains were fastened. Then it came my turn.

(To be continued.)

